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The Week

WHAT looks dangerously like complete political disintegration appears to be near in China. The Nationalist government surmounts one threat only to face another. One group of generals is defeated, only to see another rise elsewhere. The coalition led by Feng Yu-hsiang was partly defeated and partly bought off, and peace of a sort was concluded in the Yangtsze Valley. It proved to be short-lived, and now an attack has been launched against the government from three sides. Tang Shen-chih, one of the original Nationalist commanders, is leading an army against the government forces on the railway between Peking and Hankow. Another army, organized by the Kwangsi generals who struck the first blow against Nanking last spring and were defeated, is marching against Canton in the South. Still another army has mutinied almost in the shadow of Nanking, and the capital itself is menaced. The government forces, shorn of much of their strength by numerous defections, and spent by months of fighting on many fronts, have their backs to the wall, and, as we go to press, the fate of the government is uncertain. The rebel leaders unite in demanding the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking government—it appears to be the only point of unity among them—but if Chiang falls, it is probable that the Nanking government will fall with him. Without military strength, no government in China can survive. Even if Nanking remains the center of government, it will be a different sort of government from the Nationalist regime of the past two years.

AT BEST, genuine unification in China is still far away. Even if the present government survives, so much energy will be spent in making itself secure against subsequent threats that little will be left for organizing a government which will function throughout the country, and for a beginning of economic and social rebuilding. At worst, China will return to a regime of local military satrapies and feudal wars, such as cursed the country for nearly ten years before the emergence of nationalism. In that case, all the sacrifices entailed in building up the Nationalist government will have been in vain. And whatever group succeeds the present Nanking government, it will have less chance of welding the country together than previously existed. For a time at least, Nanking had the support of all military factions. None of the groups now fighting the Nationalists can start with that advantage, for they have too little in common. Behind Nanking, also, were nearly all the non-political educated classes, who were weary of wars and of the disorganization of life during twenty years of political confusion. They will be too disillusioned to have faith in any military junta which starts without the body of principles which underlay the Kuomintang. The outlook in China is dark indeed, as dark as could be wished by all those who have consistently decried the efforts of that country to put itself on its feet, because success entailed the end of foreign privileges and foreign arrogance.

IN THE opinion of European observers, the net result of Stimson's reminder to China and the Soviet Union of their obligations as signers of the Peace Pact, and the Soviet Union's brusque rejoinder, has been unfortunate for all parties and all interests. It has been unfortunate for the Kellogg Pact, because the first time an attempt was made to apply it, it was ignored. It was unfortunate for Stimson, because in his initial appearance on the international stage he suffered the indignity of catcalls from the

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gallery, to which the Soviet government has been relegated by our policy of non-recognition. There has also been icy disapproval from Japan, noncommittal good wishes from Germany, and merely polite applause from other occupants of better seats in the world theater. It was unfortunate for the Soviet Union, because relations between Washington and Moscow were certainly not improved thereby, and because the Soviet Union itself feels strongly that the time may come when the Kellogg Pact may be most useful to it. Finally, it was unfortunate for all Europe, not only because the prestige of the Kellogg Pact has been weakened, but because thoughtful men in Germany, France and England realize that American recognition of the Soviet Union could help to develop that country into a market useful to them.

IN VIEW of the clear disadvantages to the Soviet Union that must follow her answer to America, it is interesting to consider the motives that moved her to formulate it in so rough a tone that Stimson found it necessary to issue a rebuttal to the press. These motives were four. First, there was its effect upon China, demonstrating the Soviets' resolution to bring about a settlement of the Manchurian conflict through their own method. This proved effective. Second, it increased the government's prestige with the Russian population. Third, the Soviet Union feared that a positive answer to Stimson's remonstrance would lead to the offer of active mediation, with a neutral, possibly an American, chairman, whose decision, Moscow was sure, would have been in favor of transferring the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway to an international commission. (This conviction was strengthened by Moscow's belief that Stimson has been influenced considerably by the Chinese Ambassador at Washington.) Fourth, the Soviet Union, in any case, has no expectation of obtaining American recognition during Stimson's term of office, and could afford the luxury of plain speech.

THE materialistic interpretation of history, of course, dominates Soviet foreign politics as well as internal economics. For years the Soviet statesmen hoped that the lure of their foreign trade would induce American recognition. They are now convinced that the only reason America hasn't recognized the Soviet Union is because the lure isn't large enough. They expect it to be irresistible only when the completion of the five-year industrial-agricultural plan has multiplied their buying power. By then, Stimson may be out, or may have forgotten the rebuff. Granting these premises, there was no ground for Litvinoff to curb his natural impulse to take a fling at the country which Wilson taught Europe to regard as the world's pedagogue. But even so, time was really the deciding factor. If the State Department's step had been carried through when China seized the railroad, and before peace had been achieved through warlike means, all might have been well—if we ignore the doubts as to whether the Peace Pact could have been invoked before war threatened.

CERTAIN strict adherents of the Constitution are distressed by the Senate's refusal to seat William S. Vare. They hold that if a senatorial candidate is legally elected, and if he fulfills the constitutional qualifications for the office, the Senate has no choice in the matter. He must be seated, regardless of his acceptance of contributions from improper sources, regardless of the sums he may have spent in the campaign; but the strict constructionists add that, constitutionally, he can be expelled a few moments later. Their argument is ingenious, but not very important. If Vare was not to retain his seat in any case, what end would have been served, in law or fact, by making him a Senator for half an hour?

ESSENTIALLY, in acting on his case, the Senate had the choice of three courses, two of them undesirable and one of them unthinkable. It could refuse to seat either of the candidates in the Pennsylvania election of 1926, and thereby deprive the second most populous state in the Union of its full representation. It could seat Mr. Vare's opponent, William B. Wilson, and thereby cause the state to be represented by a Senator who presumably would not express the wishes of the majority, since he was defeated by at least 19,000 uncontested votes. Finally, it could seat Mr. Vare himself, and thereby officially approve both of an election deeply tainted with fraud and of a primary in which the three candidates for the Republican nomination spent nearly $2,800,000. To the majority of Senators, both Democratic and Republican, the first of these courses seemed not so much the best as merely the least impossible.

THE action of the Senate has obviously done little to improve the political situation in Pennsylvania. The appointment of a junior Senator is now in the hands of Governor Fisher, who was elected in 1926 by the same machine that supported George Wharton Pepper for the senatorship. Mr. Pepper's expenses in his unsuccessful campaign for the Republican nomination exceeded even the $785,000 spent by Mr. Vare: the senatorial investigating committee set them at $1,804,000. About one-sixth of this sum, or $300,000, was contributed by Joseph R. Grundy, who is now semi-officially announced as Governor Fisher's choice for the temporary appointment to the Senate. Thus, everything fits neatly into the picture; and Mr. Vare's rejection by the Senate is regarded, in Pennsylvania, not as a defeat for corruption, but rather as the victory of one corrupt machine over another. Whether the Mellon-Fisher-Grundy machine, which profits by crooked elections in Pittsburgh, is to be preferred to the Vare machine, which profits by crooked elections in Philadelphia,

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is a question almost impossible to answer. Whether Mr. Grundy himself, who represents the extremes of illiberality and government by wealth, is to be preferred to Mr. Vare, who represents a demagogy like that of Tammany Hall, is another delicate question, and one which Republican voters in Pennsylvania may be called upon to solve at the primaries next May. Let us hope that a third candidate will appear to release them from their dilemma.

THE annual meeting in New York of the Taylor Society, the pioneer association of management engineers, was as usual full of significant discussion. The chief topic of the sessions was the meaning for management in the study of "Recent Economic Changes" made last year by the National Bureau of Economic Research. And the most interesting development in the society's thought is that it is no longer so much concerned with technical matters relating to the efficiency of the individual worker, the field in which Taylor made his great contribution, as it is with management on a larger scale. There was enlightening discussion of the economics of mergers, and the most efficient size of the producing unit. The society considered some of the implications of the doctrine of the "economy of high wages." One evening was devoted to the recommendation of Mr. Hoover's committee for establishing an "economic equilibrium." Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, in a scholarly paper, pointed out that a desirable equilibrium does not mean stagnation of economic growth; that what we want is equilibrium on a high and rising scale of living, and that one of the chief problems is to utilize the large amount of industry's continuing idle capacity. Mr. Stuart Chase fired the imagination of the engineers with a graphic account of the program of controlled growth embodied in the Russian Gosplan, and although Mr. Chase and his hearers both agreed that the same methods could not be used outside of an economic dictatorship, all felt that the United States must proceed in its own way toward plan and order.

AMONG the most striking of the Taylor Society's deliberations were those concerned with the cotton textile industry. President Kendall of the society, himself an owner of mills both North and South, recommended that a movement be inaugurated for a nation-wide agreement to reduce the weekly hours of work to at least fifty, with no decrease in weekly pay. This, he felt, would help Mr. Hoover's attempt to safeguard prosperity. He also recommended filling any vacant places in the day shift, when they arise, with women from the night shift, and filling the places left by these women with men, as a measure of abolishing night work for women in the textile industry. An entire session was devoted to the technique of the successful experiment in union-management coöperation in the Naumkeag mills in Salem, Massachusetts. The agent of the company and the president of the union both described the experiment at length, and while their points of view differed, they agreed as to its value. Unfortunately the length of the session prevented the presentation of a paper by the engineer who has actually worked out, with the chief parties involved, the details of the plan—Mr. Francis Goodell. Future publication of his findings are anticipated with great interest.

IN LAST week's issue of The New Republic, Mr. Craig F. Thompson reported the efforts of Christian Scientists to prevent the sale, throughout the United States, of "Mrs. Eddy: the Biography of a Virginal Mind," by Edwin Franden Dakin, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The Christian Scientists have not only written to Scribner's threatening to boycott all the publications of that firm unless the Dakin book is withdrawn, but they have visited the proprietors of retail bookstores in many cities and issued similar warnings. Within the past few days a conspicuous incident of this sort has taken place in New York City. Lord & Taylor, one of the city's leading department stores, has ceased to display or advertise the work, though it will still, of course, fill direct orders by its customers. The action was taken when a Christian Scientist informed the management that a similar course was to be followed by Macy's and Wanamaker's, two other important stores. This statement was proved to be false, but Lord & Taylor did not rescind its action. The announcement by Mr. S. W. Reyburn, President of Lord & Taylor, defending the timorous policy of his firm, is such a gorgeous picture of the mind of a merchant that it deserves to be quoted:

> When a retailer enters business he assumes the responsibility of performing the function of providing in advance merchandise that will be desired by customers who support him. In rendering this service, he should try to supply the convenience and environment that please the greatest number of customers. Necessarily he must make a fair profit and try to continually increase his good will.
>
> If he errs in judgment in trying to anticipate his patrons' desires he may have to sell his goods at a loss. Or, where the merchandise relates to a controversial subject that gives offense to many of his customers, he may find it better business to withdraw the books or other articles from sale, in which event, to give good service, he must abandon hope of making a profit and fill the orders of his regular customers who may ask for the merchandise by purchasing from other dealers to fill such special orders.
>
> The whole province of the retailer is to serve his customers' material wants and not to judge his religion or his book.

To sell a book only on specific order from a customer is, of course, hardly any better than to refuse to handle it at all. A large part of the sale of any volume comes from customers who happen to see it displayed, having entered the shop for some

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other purpose. We cannot believe that the policy of Lord & Taylor in regard to Mr. Dakin's book is satisfactory to the majority of the customers of their book department. Neither do we believe that the rank and file of the Christian Scientists in this country, if they fully understood the activities of the various committees on publications of the church, would approve of their exerting forms of pressure which are so at variance with the American principle of free speech.

MR. OWEN D. YOUNG was, we believe, on firm ground when he recommended to the Senate a unification of the national communications services by telegraph, radio and cable, whether under private ownership with public regulation, or under public ownership. The wastes of competition are particularly unjustifiable in the case of public utilities of this sort. Why should there be two complete networks of telegraph wires spanning the country? Why should there be more than one wireless agency competing for use of the air? Why should these institutions waste in competitive advertising resources that might be used in research and improvement of the service? There is no consideration here of the desirability of decentralization or of the efficient size of plant. Any communications system, in order to perform the service expected of it, must be at least national in scope, even if it competes with another. Doubtless, as Mr. Young pointed out, the competing systems are at a disadvantage in their international dealings with foreign governments. We are glad to see that Mr. Young admits that a monopoly would require adequate governmental control. We disagree with him that private ownership is better than public: this is one of the cases in which public ownership, if it can be brought about, is entirely logical and is likely to be efficient. But we are willing to meet him half way; just as he admits that monopoly is desirable, even if it necessitate public ownership, we are willing to admit that monopoly is desirable, even though public ownership cannot be achieved, provided that sufficient regulation can be established.

NO OTHER action taken by the President's Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement has made so good an impression as the inquiry, instituted by it, into the defiance of law by law officers. The third degree has long been a national reproach. The prevalence of this brutal practice can no longer be gainsaid when the President of the American Bar Association can thus describe the situation:

> Scandals involving the use of third-degree methods have been reported of late years from such divergent places as New York, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, East St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Denver, Los Angeles and Wichita. They have become a serious blot upon the administration of justice.

Another form of defiance of law by law officers is the treatment of aliens by the immigration authorities. The law reports frequently disclose tyrannical behavior by administrative authorities. A recent instance of it led to this rebuke by Judge Learned Hand, speaking on behalf of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit:

> The record discloses a very lax regard for the fundamentals of a fair hearing. Much is tolerated in such proceedings, and that toleration has apparently borne its fruits. We will not say that we can put our finger on this or that to reverse, but the attitude of the examiner, the introduction of confused and voluminous evidence taken elsewhere, the strong indications that the appellant was vaguely regarded as undesirable, and that deportation was thought the easiest way to get rid of him and to avoid the normal processes of law—all these warn us of the dangers inherent in a system where prosecutor and judge are one, and the ordinary rules which protect the accused are in abeyance. It is apparent how easy is the descent by short cuts to the disposition of cases without clear legal grounds or evidence which rationally proves them. These are the essence of any hearing in which the personal feelings of the tribunals are not to be substituted for prescribed standards.

That the example of lawlessness by law officers is an important factor of lawlessness in America can hardly be doubted. How deeply this factor cuts into any scientific analysis of the American crime situation, we shall know better after the Wickersham Commission has reported.

Did Stimson Blunder?

THE unfortunate consequences of the identical note to Russia and China, urging them to keep their promises under the Kellogg Pact, have led to a good deal of criticism of Secretary Stimson's action. But before passing judgment upon it, it is only fair to consider the circumstances under which the decision to send the note was made. For months the news had vibrated between accounts of forays on the part of the armed forces of one side or the other, and accounts of negotiations which were always reported to be on the brink of success, but never succeeded. Out of precisely such situations, war is likely to arise. Just before the dispatch of the note, there came an apparently well founded report of a considerable invasion of Manchuria by Russian arms. It was, indeed, possible that this would bring China to terms. But it was also possible that armed resistance or reprisal would lead to an extension of the conflict. If the United States and the coöperating powers had not sent the note, and if the latter eventuality had arrived, all the critics would have pointed out that we had taken no adequate measures to make the Kellogg Pact effective.

The trouble was not that Mr. Stimson made the wrong decision in the situation, but that the situa-

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tion was such that the risk of a wrong decision was unduly heavy. Two nations have agreed, in principle, not to seek solutions of international disputes by force of arms. It is also agreed, in principle, that they are not to be debarred from using armed forces for "defense." These two nations proceed to have a dispute with each other, during which both use armed forces in border actions—without formally declaring war. Each protests that its use of arms is purely defensive. Nevertheless, the danger of unlimited warfare increases. One nation, by having stronger forces and making more effective use of them than the other, is finally on the brink of bullying its opponent into submission. At this moment comes an identical note to both powers reminding them of their obligation. The stronger party naturally resents it, because the weaker party may thereby be stiffened into prolonged resistance. If this happens, and if the result is some form of international adjudication, the stronger party may not fare as well as by direct dealings, backed by the threat of force. It therefore denominates the reminder an "unfriendly act," and argues that all the time it was simply acting on the defensive. (And it may, in principle, be right.)

Thus is laid bare, neither the wickedness of any particular nation, nor the poor judgment of any particular statesman, but the essential weakness of the Kellogg Pact, which The New Republic has pointed out ever since that treaty began to be discussed. What is defense? How is the illegitimate use of arms to be identified when it comes? What action can other nations take to prevent it? The Kellogg Pact leaves the answers of these critical questions to individual nations in particular situations. It relies grandly on "the public opinion of the world." But any nation involved in a dispute with another is bound to conceive itself the subject of unwarranted aggression. The public opinion of the world cannot, on vague and general grounds, convince that nation that it is wrong. Indeed, there can be no enlightened public opinion on the subject until the inner nature of the controversy, often obscured at the time, is made plain by some sort of expert and impartial and informed handling. Any nation will resent being called to book by another nation or group of nations, if it believes it is right and is about to win its point. But nations always believe they are right. And one nation in a dispute is bound to be stronger than the other. Therefore, such means of enforcing the Kellogg Pact as Mr. Stimson was forced to employ will inevitably and at all times lead to hard feelings, if they do not lead to hard words.

It is clear that the Kellogg Pact needs implementation, of some such nature as that which the Covenant of the League of Nations already enjoys. If Secretary Stimson could have said to Russia and China: "You have agreed not to use your armed forces against each other before seeking adjustment of your dispute through an existing and specified machinery of international conciliation and arbitration," there could have been no ambiguity in the situation. If both parties then failed to take this way out, they would be equally guilty of violating their agreements. If one appealed to the established machinery while the other refused to acknowledge it, the crucial issue as to which was the aggressor would be clearly established, in case warlike measures should develop. There might then be a "public opinion of the world."

There were, moreover, special characteristics of this situation which made any action difficult, aside from the incompleteness of the Kellogg Pact. When you remind a nation of its obligation to be a good member of a world community, you imply that it is already a member of that community. But Russia is, in at least two respects, an outlaw. The United States has declined to recognize its government. How, while denying diplomatic contact, were we justified in appealing to its international honor? The same sort of disability would have attached to an invocation of the adjustment machinery of the League of Nations. Russia is not a member of the League. The League, it is true, has provided for means of adjusting disputes between a member and a non-member, but it cannot complain if a non-member regards the prejudices and preconceptions of its institutions with some suspicion. The society of nations is under an obligation to make such arrangements as may facilitate the formal entry of the Soviet government into its fold, before it expects that government to assume all the responsibilities which adhere to the privileges of membership. As long as Russia is an outcast, as long as it is looked down upon as not being a fit associate for the other participants in the world community, it cannot be blamed for seeing a partisan motive and detecting a high-and-mighty tone in any remonstrance which that community may address to it. That the Soviet government itself has objections to joining the League does not materially alter this difficulty. The fact remains that mutual suspicions exist, which must be mutually eradicated, before Russia can be expected to behave as if she were a full-fledged participant in the world order. Least of all has the United States any right to complain of Russia's tart rejoinder that we have deprived ourselves of the right to talk directly to her with the usual diplomatic amenities.

Finally, even if all these conditions had been met, there was the problem presented by the chaos in China. How are the other members of international society to deal with troubles in a nation which has no stable and fully responsible government? What is to be done when a nation wishes to protect its interests in a politically "backward" state? Mr. Stimson's note implied that the aggrieved nation has no right to seek its end by the use of its own armed force. If it cannot gain an adjustment by entirely peaceable means, it should ask some international agency to define its rights and to say what protection should be given them. This is good international doctrine—which the United States con-

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sistently disregards in practice. When we have rights to protect in Nicaragua or Haiti, we do not appeal to international tribunals. We send in Marines. Our excuse is that there is no locally responsible government, or at least, none which can exist without our armed support. We also believe that these countries are so close to us as to be within our sole sphere of interest. China is a much larger country than any we have sought to bully in this manner, but, by the same token, what happens in China is of much greater concern to Russia than what happens in Haiti is to us.

Secretary Stimson, speaking for the United States, and calling upon Russia to keep the peace in Manchuria, came to his task unprepared and with unclean hands. For this he was not personally responsible; but the previous foreign policy of the United States had made his failure well-nigh inevitable. We have not implemented the Kellogg Pact; we have done our best to keep Russia an outlaw; we were using in Haiti, at the very moment when we asked Russia not to do so in Manchuria, precisely the same policy of military force. We have no occasion to be self-righteous about the outcome. We have no right to condemn the truculence of Russia until we mend our own ways.

Hoover's Problem in Haiti

A FEW days after President Hoover recommended, in his message to Congress, that a commission be sent to Haiti, the American authorities in that unhappy country declared martial law because of a strike of customs employees. Although Mr. Hoover has repeatedly expressed his opposition to the use of force, although the inhabitants have been effectively disarmed, although not a single shot had as yet been fired in the movement of passive resistance to the United States, and although there were already 700 Marines in the country, our government suddenly announced that 500 more Marines were being dispatched to Port-au-Prince. And on December 6, two days after the declaration of martial law, the American troops at Aux Cayes fired into a mob, killing five Haitians and wounding twenty. What an eloquent commentary on the pacifying effect of our policy toward Haiti!

It is true that revolutions there had created a well-nigh intolerable situation by 1914. For this condition, however, the United States must certainly take some of the blame. As is pointed out in the careful report on Haiti just issued by the Foreign Policy Association, and written by Dr. R. L. Buell, director of its research department, there is good ground for the belief that some of the more recent of those revolutions had been instigated, in part, by the National Bank of Haiti, with the connivance of the American State Department, in order to justify American control of the customs. In any case, and whatever the original justification of the occupation, its avowed object has been, as the United States declared in August, 1915, "to insure, establish and help to maintain Haitian independence, and the establishing of a stable and firm government by the Haitian people." While the American occupation has restored order, installed an elaborate system of communications and public works, improved public health, and brought about a financial reorganization, it has done virtually nothing to establish a government which the Haitians can run themselves. The American system may be efficient, but it is not educational. In fact, the more elaborate the system, the more difficulty the Haitians will have in managing it unaided. The extent to which the occupation has concentrated authority is shown by the fact that even the printing establishment and the prison in Port-au-Prince are operated by Americans. The Haitian Minister of Finance has less control over the disbursement of funds than has the native treasurer of the American dependency of Porto Rico.

Early in the occupation, the American authorities obtained the enactment of a constitution under which the Haitian legislature was suspended. Since then a Council of State, appointed by the Haitian President, has expended Haitian money at the direction of American authorities, has elected the President, and has enacted laws. American army officers protect this President from attack, and enforce his orders suppressing newspapers and public meetings. In return, the Haitian President "loyally coöperates" with the American authorities. A former Financial Adviser, Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, well says that the system has the appearance of "dictatorship by collusion."

Indeed, though Haiti is nominally an independent state, the United States maintains in that country a system of government much less democratic than those it maintains in its dependencies of Porto Rico and the Philippines. The United States has brought about the suppression of the Haitian Legislature; it has participated in the suppression of freedom of speech; it has allowed fraudulent plebiscites upon constitutional amendments; it has ignored the decisions of the Haitian courts. In short, the United States has flagrantly violated the Haitian constitution; and in so doing, it has set a bad example for Haitians to follow in the future. If there is peace in Haiti—and the recent strikes in the schools, the suppression of newspapers, the establishment of martial law, and the five deaths at Aux Cayes show that peace is only nominal—it is the peace of the cemetery; if there is "stability," it is a stability which is not rooted in the institutions of the country or based upon the wishes of the articulate portion of the population; it is a stability maintained by the military and civilian forces of the United States.

The only excuse for this policy of dictatorship is that the Haitian people are too illiterate successfully to apply democratic institutions. According to the official theory, self-government can only follow a long period of education. What the American military authorities fail to realize, however, is that

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the best education for democracy is political experience. Instead, these authorities have suppressed constitutional instrumentalities through which such experience may, under foreign guidance, be obtained. The American occupation may have benefited the peasants of Haiti, but it has alienated the educated classes—and it is they into whose hands the government will inevitably fall, when the United States withdraws. They have been excluded from the administration during the past ten or fifteen years, and are now bitterly opposed to General Russell's military rule.

As far as schools are concerned, the American authorities appropriated in 1927-1928 for the Haitian-controlled schools a sum which was actually less than that appropriated by the Haitian government in 1914. It is true that the American authorities have poured millions of dollars into a system of agricultural and vocational education. But, instead of bringing in competent Negro agriculturists from the neighboring colony of Jamaica, they have imported agricultural teachers from the southern parts of the United States who knew little, if anything, about tropical agriculture, or, for that matter, about the French language. It is practically the universal testimony that this agricultural system has been badly and impractically administered. Lumping the appropriations for general and agricultural education into a single sum, American-controlled Haiti expends only 10.32 percent of its annual budget upon education, in comparison with nearly 29 percent in the American dependency of Porto Rico. The latter territory, with only half the population of Haiti, has nearly twice as many pupils in its schools.

Officials have expressed the view that self-government must follow economic progress. While we have repeatedly boasted of the "prosperity" brought to Haiti by the United States, during the American occupation the total exports of Haiti have declined about 12 percent in value. Although last year was a good coffee year, a depression has now set in which has resulted in the bankruptcy of a number of firms.

The task confronting the commission sent by President Hoover to Haiti will not be to ascertain the facts concerning our administration—since these facts are now well known—but to formulate a policy for the future. What these recommendations will be must necessarily depend upon the philosophy which dominates the men selected by Mr. Hoover. If these men are unsympathetic to the Negro race, if they believe that the United States has a self-appointed right to maintain its authority over the peoples of the Caribbean because they do not live up to the demands of American business men or American naval officers, President Hoover's commission will undoubtedly report in favor of continuing American control. But if these men believe that the Negro should be given an opportunity to work out his own salvation; if they realize that the United States has no moral or legal right to exact standards of efficiency from Haiti which are realized in only a few countries of the world; if they understand the international implications involved in the maintenance of absolute control over a country which the remainder of the world recognizes as independent, then they will report in favor of the restoration of Haiti's sovereignty.

As a matter of fact, President Hoover has already committed himself to the latter philosophy. In his famous interview with the President of Argentina upon his Latin-American tour, Mr. Hoover declared that "there are no older and younger brothers on the American continent." They are all "friendly and equal states. . . ." In his Armistice Day speech, he declared that "in the Western Hemisphere, at least, we believe that public opinion is sufficient to check violence." President Hoover is committed to the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of the states of the Caribbean. One of his main objects has been to conciliate Latin America. And yet, if he allows the present situation to continue, the world in general, and Latin America in particular, will accuse him of ruthlessly disregarding his own high principles.

The treaty upon which we base our presence in Haiti expires in May, 1936. There is no time to lose, if we are to evacuate the country by that time. General Russell should be removed immediately in favor of a civilian of broad sympathies and tact; the Marine brigade should be withdrawn; the present system of administration should be radically reorganized so as to give greater responsibilities to Haitian officials; the Haitian Legislature and National Assembly should be restored. As long as the United States remains in control, it should see to it that elections are fairly held. It may well be that the Haitian government will ask the United States, after its withdrawal, to continue the collection of customs. But the American people should make sure, if we undertake this task, that it is at the genuine request of the articulate portion of the Haitian people, and not the result of the same sort of military pressure as the United States so unscrupulously imposed upon the Haitian government in 1915.

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James Joyce

JAMES JOYCE'S first work of fiction, the volume of short stories "Dubliners," was to have been brought out by a Dublin publisher in 1907; but, on account of disrespectful references to Edward VII on the part of one of the characters in the story called "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," the book was suppressed by the British government and did not appear until seven years later, when it was published in London. "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" was published first in New York in 1914. Neither of these books had much in common with the English fiction then being written: the typical novelists of that time were H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, and Joyce was not in the least like either. In their recent literary renaissance, the Irish had been closer to the Continent than to London; and James Joyce, like George Moore, was working in the tradition, not of English, but of French fiction. "Dubliners" was French in its objectivity, its sobriety and its irony, at the same time that it ran with a music and a grace quite distinct from the mordancy and dryness of Flaubert and Maupassant. And "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," coming at a time when the public was surfeited with the early histories of sensitive young men—the Edward Ponderevos, the Clayhangers, the Jacob Stahls, the Michael Fanes—had the effect of making most of these books look psychologically superficial and artistically shoddy.

"Ulysses" was published in Paris in 1922. It had originally been conceived as a short story for "Dubliners," and was to have been called "Mr. Bloom's Day in Dublin," or something of the sort. But this idea was afterwards combined with the further history of Stephen Dedalus, the hero of the autobiographical "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." "Ulysses," however, in its final form as a volume of seven hundred-odd large pages, took shape as something entirely different from either of Joyce's early books, and it must be approached from a different point of view. The key to "Ulysses" is in the title—and this key is indispensable, if we are to understand what Joyce is really about. Ulysses, as he figures in the "Odyssey," is a sort of type of the ordinary Greek: among the heroes, he is distinguished for cunning rather than for exalted wisdom, and for common sense, quickness and nerve rather than for the passionate bravery of, say, an Achilles, or for the steadfastness and stoutness of, say, a Hector. The "Odyssey" exhibits such a man in practically every situation and relation of an ordinary human life—Ulysses, in the course of his wanderings, runs the whole gauntlet of temptations and dangers, and by his wits he escapes from them all, to return at last to his family and his home and to reassert himself there as master. Furthermore, the "Odyssey," by reason of the effectiveness, the strange apparent sophistication, of its form—the wanderings of Ulysses themselves framed between the introductory group of books, in which our interest in Ulysses is aroused by Telemachus' search for his lost father, and the concluding books which describe Ulysses' return home—offers a particularly attractive model for a modern writer attempting an epic.

Now Joyce, in "Ulysses," has composed a new "Odyssey," which in form and subject follows closely the classical one; and the significance of the characters and incidents of his ostensibly naturalistic narrative cannot properly be understood without reference to the Homeric poem. Joyce's Telemachus of the opening books is Stephen Dedalus—that is, Joyce himself. The Dedaluses, as we have already learned from "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," are a shabby-genteel family living in Dublin. Stephen's father, Simon Dedalus, has run through a great variety of employments to end up as nothing in particular, a drinker, a decayed sport, an amateur tenor, a well-known character of the bars. But Stephen has been given a good education at a Jesuit college, and, at the end of the earlier novel, is about to leave for France to follow a literary career. At the beginning of "Ulysses," he has just been brought back from Paris to Dublin, by a telegram that his mother is dying. And with Mrs. Dedalus' death, the family, already reduced to poverty, becomes completely demoralized and disintegrated. While Stephen's young sisters and brothers have hardly enough to eat, Simon Dedalus makes the rounds of the pubs, spending on drink what little money he can get. Stephen, who has always resented his father, feels now that, in effect, he has none. He is more isolated in Dublin than ever. He is Telemachus in search of a Ulysses. His friend, the medical student, Buck Mulligan, with whom he is living in an old tower on the coast and who believes himself to share Stephen's artistic tastes and intellectual interests, really patronizes him unremittingly and turns to ridicule his abilities and ambitions. He is Antinous, that boldest of Penelope's suitors, who tries to make himself master of Ulysses' house in his absence and who mocks Telemachus. Stephen has announced at the end of the earlier book that he is going forth "to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race"; and now he has returned to Dublin baffled and disinherited—his life with Mulligan is dissolute and unproductive. Yet, as Telemachus finds friends and helpers, so Stephen is reminded by the old woman who brings the milk for breakfast in the tower of that Ireland whose uncreated conscience it is still his destiny to forge: "old and secret . . . .

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maybe a messenger." She is Athene in the guise of Mentor who provides Telemachus with his ship; and the memory of Kevin Egan, an Irish exile in Paris, is the Menelaus who speeds him on his way.

The scene now shifts, as it does in the "Odyssey," to the lost Ulysses himself. Joyce's Ulysses is a Dublin Jew, an advertisement canvasser named Bloom. Like Stephen, he dwells among aliens: a Jew, the son of a Hungarian father, he is still something of a foreigner among the Irish; a man of genuine, though mediocre, intelligence and sensibility, he has little in common with the other inhabitants of the lower middle-class world in which he lives. He has been married for many years to an Irishwoman, the buxom daughter of an army officer, a professional singer, of prodigious sexual appetite, who has been continually and indiscriminately unfaithful to him. They have had one daughter, who is already growing up and apparently going the way of her mother; and one son, of whom Bloom had hoped that he might resemble, that he might refine upon himself, but who died eleven days after he was born. Things have never been the same between the Blooms since the death of this son; it is now more than ten years since Bloom has attempted complete intercourse with his wife—it is as if the birth of the sickly Rudy had discouraged him and made him doubt his virility. He is aware that his wife has lovers; but he does not complain or try to interfere—he is even resigned to her accepting money from them. He is a Ulysses with no Telemachus and cut off from his Penelope.

We now follow Bloom's adventures on the day of June 16, 1904 (the whole novel takes place in a day). Lotus-eaters allure him; Laestrygonians affright him. He assists at the burial of an Elpenor and descends with him in imagination to the underworld; he suffers from the varying favor of an Aeolus. He escapes by ruse from the ferocity of a Cyclops, as he disengages himself through prudence from the girlish charms of a Nausicaa. And he emerges a man again from the brothel of a Circe who had transformed him into a swine.

The comings and goings of Stephen during the day are woven in and out among the wanderings of Bloom: they encounter each other twice but do not recognize one another. Both men, we become aware, are constantly accompanied and oppressed by ideas which they have tried to dismiss from their minds: the family situation of each is the background of all he does that day. In Stephen's case, his mother, who has just died, had begged him on her deathbed to kneel down and pray for her and, in rebellion against the Catholic education which has disciplined and maimed his spirit, jealous of the independence he has won and in fear of the past to which he has returned, he has implacably refused, and has allowed her to die without the comforting belief that her son has repented of his apostasy. But now that she is dead, this memory tortures him. He has, in the early morning, reproached Mulligan—accusing really himself—for some remark of the latter's about his mother, which Stephen has overheard and resented; and, as he has looked out upon the morning sea, the pathos and horror of her life have become vivid to him—he is dragged back to relive all that she has suffered. Then, "No, mother!" he cries within himself, as he thrusts her memory down out of his mind, "let me be and let me live!" But through his whole aimless and desperate day, it is his helpless feeling of guilt toward his mother, his hopeless conviction of being deprived of a father, which govern all his movements and thoughts. When he teaches school, he brings the class to a close by an hysterical joke about "the fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush," and in a stupid boy who cannot do his sums, he can see now only his own graceless youth which his mother had shielded from the world. After school, he has gone to walk on the beach and has contemplated paying a visit to the family of his maternal uncle, whom he despises, as if he could do penance in this way for his hardness and somehow make it up to his mother by kindness to her wretched relatives; but again that counter impulse which had proved too strong on the former occasion comes into play to block his intention: he thinks of other things and walks beyond where he should have turned. The artist still opposes the son: he sets out to compose a poem, but the poem itself breaks down, and he is left gazing at a silent homing ship. At the library, later in the day, he becomes involved in a long, pretentious lecture on the relation of Shakespeare to his father—a lecture which has little to do with Shakespeare, but a great deal to do with Dedalus.

Now Bloom also is haunted by the situation which he has left behind him at home. At breakfast, his wife has received a letter from Blazes Boylan, a flashy buck about town, who is to manage her coming concert tour. Bloom suspects—and rightly suspects—that Molly is having an affair with him—that he is coming to see her that afternoon. All day he has to change the subject when Boylan's name is mentioned—all day he avoids meeting him in the street. In the afternoon, while Bloom is eating at the Ormond Hotel, Boylan comes into the bar, gets a drink and sets off to call on Mrs. Bloom, and when he has gone, Bloom hears the other men laugh about Molly's easy favors. And the conversation, later on in the pub, about Boylan's having won money in a boxing match—in spite of Bloom's efforts to induce the company to talk about tennis, instead—is one of the incidents which give rise to the antagonism between Bloom and the rest of the company, and eventually to the quarrel between the Cyclops-Citizen and Bloom. At the end of the Nausicaa episode, the cuckoo-clock in the priest's house tells Bloom that he is now a cuckold.

In the evening, Bloom goes to a maternity hospital to inquire after the wife of a friend, who has been having a hard delivery: there he meets and recognizes Stephen, who is drinking with the medical students. In the "Odyssey," the final shipwreck of Ulysses and his subsequent misfortunes are the re-

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sult of the impiety of his companions, who, in defiance of all his warnings, have killed and eaten the Oxen of the Sun. So Bloom is pained by the impiety of the medical students as they joke obscenely about childbirth and maternity. On Stephen's part, it is particularly shocking because his own mother has just died, but his own feeling of guilt in this connection makes him particularly blasphemous and brutal. Yet Bloom has himself offended against the principle of fertility in his recent prolonged neglect of Molly: the Calypso who has detained him since his shipwreck is the nymph who hangs in his bedroom and whom he makes the subject of amorous fantasies. It is his offense against the principle of fertility which—at the hour when Mrs. Bloom is entertaining Boylan—has landed him on the Phaeacian strand indulging in further amorous fantasies in connection with little Gerty MacDowell, the Nausicaa of the Dublin beach.

When Mrs. Purefoy's child has finally been born, the party rushes out to a public house; and, later on—after a drunken altercation between Dedalus and Buck Mulligan at the station, in which Antinous and Telemachus apparently dispute over the key to the tower and Telemachus goes away homeless—Bloom and Stephen, now deserted by all but one of their former companions, proceed to a brothel. Both, by this time, are pretty drunk—though Bloom, with his invincible prudence, is not so drunk as Stephen. And in their drunkenness, in the sordid gaslight and to the tune of the mechanical piano of the brothel, their respective preoccupations emerge fully for the first time since the morning into their conscious minds: Bloom beholds himself, in a hideous vision, submitting abjectly to being cuckolded by Boylan, the laughing-stock of all the world; and there rises suddenly, in Stephen's imagination, the figure of his mother come back from the grave, reminding him of her love and imploring him to pray for her soul. But again he will not, cannot, acquiesce; in a desperate drunken gesture, intolerably torn by his conflict of impulses, by his emotions which block one another, he lifts his stick and smashes the chandelier, then rushes out into the street, where he gets into a quarrel with two English Tommies and is knocked down by one of them. Bloom has followed and, as he bends over Stephen, beholds a sudden apparition of his own son, little Rudy, who has died, as Bloom would have had him live to be—such a youth as Stephen Dedalus, learned, cultivated, sensitive, he would have had his own Rudy become. Ulysses and Telemachus are united.

Bloom picks Stephen up and takes him first to a coffee-stand, then home to his own house. He tries to talk to him of the arts and sciences, of the general ideas which interest him; but Stephen is morose and exhausted and makes little response. Bloom begs him to spend the night—to come and live with them, but Stephen declines and presently leaves. Bloom goes up, goes to bed with Molly, describes to her his adventures, and soon drops off to sleep. But Bloom's encounter with Stephen is to affect both Stephen's life and the relations between the Blooms. To have rescued and talked with Stephen has somehow restored Bloom's self-respect; a habit in which he has acquiesced in the past has been to cook Molly's breakfast for her and to bring it to her in bed, but tonight he tells her that he expects her to get breakfast next morning herself and to bring it up to him. This amazes and disconcerts Mrs. Bloom, and the rest of the book is the record of her meditations as she lies awake thinking about the conversation. She has been mystified by Bloom's recent behavior, and her attitude toward him now is at first a mixture of jealousy and resentment. She congratulates herself upon the fact that she does not have to depend on him, that her needs are ably supplied by Blazes Boylan. But as she begins to ruminate on the possibility of Stephen's coming to live with them, the idea of Blazes Boylan's coarseness becomes intolerable to her: the thought of Stephen has made her fastidious, and, full of tenderness, she prefigures a relation between them of an ambiguous but intimate character, half amorous, half maternal. But it is Bloom himself who has primarily been the cause of this readjustment in Molly's mind: in telling her about Stephen, he has imposed upon her his own values; in staying away from the house all day, coming back very late at night and asking for his breakfast in bed, he has reasserted his own will. And she goes back in her mind over her experience of him—their courtship, their married life together. She sees again how, when she had promised to marry him, it had been his intelligence and his sympathetic nature—that touch of imagination which he possessed and which distinguished him from other men—which had influenced her in his favor—"because he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get around him." It is in the mind of his Penelope that this Ulysses has slain the suitors who have disputed his place. As for Stephen, unresponsive as he has been to Bloom's interest and cordiality, he has at last found in Dublin someone sufficiently sympathetic to himself to give him a subject by which to enter artistically into the common life of his race. It is possible that Bloom, as a result of his meeting with Stephen, will resume normal marital relations with Molly; but it is certain that Stephen, as a result of this meeting, will go away and write "Ulysses." He has told Mulligan that he is going "to write something in ten years": that was in 1904—"Ulysses" is dated at the end as having been begun in 1914.

II

This is the story of "Ulysses" in the light of its Homeric parallel; but to describe it in such a way gives no idea of what the book is really like—of its psychological and technical discoveries or of its magnificent poetry.

"Ulysses" is, I suppose, the most completely "written" novel since Flaubert. The example of

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the great prose poet of Naturalism has profoundly influenced Joyce—in his attitude toward the modern bourgeois world and perhaps in a contrast implied by the Homeric parallel of "Ulysses" between our own and the ancient world, as well as in an ideal of rigorous objectivity and of adaptation of style to subject—as the influence of that other great naturalistic poet, Ibsen, is obvious in Joyce's single play, "Exiles." But Flaubert had, in general, confined himself to fitting the cadence and the phrase precisely to the mood or object described; and even then it was the phrase rather than the cadence, and the object rather than the mood, with which he was occupied—for mood and cadence in Flaubert vary little: he never embodies himself in his characters and identifies his voice with theirs, and as a result, Flaubert's own tone of the somber-pompous-ironic becomes, in the long run, a little monotonous. But Joyce has undertaken in "Ulysses" not merely to render, with the last accuracy and beauty, the actual sights and sounds among which his characters move, but to take us into their minds themselves and to find the unique vocabulary and rhythm which will represent the thoughts of each. If Flaubert taught Maupassant to look for the definitive adjective which would distinguish a given hackney-cab from every other hackney-cab in Paris, so Joyce has set himself the task of finding the dialect which will distinguish the thoughts of a given Dubliner from those of every other Dubliner. Thus the mind of Stephen Dedalus is represented by a weaving of bright poetic images and fragmentary abstractions, of things remembered from books, on a rhythm sober, melancholy and proud; that of Bloom by a rapid staccato notation, prosaic but perceptive and alert, jutting out in all directions in little ideas growing out of ideas; the thoughts of Father Conmee, the Rector of the Jesuit college, by a precise prose, perfectly colorless and orderly; those of Gerty-Nausicaa by a combination of school-girl colloquialisms with the jargon of cheap romance; and the ruminations of Mrs. Bloom by a long, unbroken rhythm of brogue, like the swell of some profound sea.

Joyce takes us thus directly into the consciousness of his characters, and in order to do so, he has availed himself of the methods of Symbolism. He has, in "Ulysses," exploited together, as no writer had thought to do before, the resources both of Symbolism and of Naturalism. His story is naturalistically, as well as objectively, presented: it is documented to the last degree: we know exactly what his people wore, how much they paid for things, where they were at different times of the day, what popular songs they sang and what events they read of in the papers, on June 16, 1904; but when we are admitted to the mind of any one of them, we are in a world as complex and special, a world sometimes as mysterious and vague, as that of a symbolist poet—and a world described in the same sort of language. We are more at home in the minds of Joyce's characters than we are likely to be, except after some study, in the mind of a Mallarmé or an Eliot, because we know more about the circumstances in which they find themselves; but we are confronted with the same sort of confusion between emotions, perceptions and ideas, and we are likely to be disconcerted by the same hiatuses of thought, when certain links in the association of ideas are dropped down into the unconscious mind.

But Joyce has carried the methods of Symbolism further than merely to set a naturalistic scene and then, in that frame, to represent directly the minds of his different characters in symbolistic monologues. And it is the fact that he has not always stopped here which makes parts of "Ulysses" so puzzling when we read them for the first time. So long as we are dealing with internal monologues in realistic settings, we are dealing with familiar elements merely combined in a novel way—that is, instead of reading, "Bloom said to himself, 'I might manage to write a story on some proverb or other. I could sign it, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bloom,' " we read, "Might manage a sketch. By Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bloom. Invent a story for some proverb which?" But as we get further along in "Ulysses," we find the realistic setting oddly distorting itself and deliquescing, and we are astonished at the introduction of voices which seem to belong neither to the characters nor to the author.

The point is that of each of the episodes Joyce has tried to make an independent unit which shall blend the different sets of elements of each—the minds of the characters, the place where they are, the atmosphere about them, the feeling of the time of day. Joyce had already, in "A Portrait of the Artist," experimented in making the form of each of the different sections fit the age and phase of Dedalus with which it dealt—from the infantile fragments of childhood impressions, through the ecstatic or terrified reveries of adolescence, to the self-possessed notations of young manhood. But in this book he was writing exclusively about himself, whereas in "Ulysses" he is occupied with a number of different personalities, where not Dedalus but Bloom is the center. In order to understand what Joyce is doing here, one must imagine a set of symbolistic poems which depend, not from the sensibility of the poet speaking for himself, but from an impersonal naturalistic structure. We are not likely to be prepared for this by the early episodes of "Ulysses": they are as sober and as clear as the morning light of the Irish coast in which they take place: the characters' perceptions of the external world are usually distinct from their thoughts and feelings about them. In the newspaper office, for the first time, a general atmosphere begins to be created, beyond the specific minds of the characters, by a punctuation of the text with newspaper heads which announce the incidents in the narrative. And in the library scene, which takes place in the early afternoon, the setting and people external to Stephen begin to dissolve in Stephen's apprehension, heightened and blurred by some drinks at lunch time

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and by the intellectual excitement of the conversation amid the dimness and tameness of the library—"Eglintoneyes, quick with pleasure, looked up shybrightly. Gladly glancing, a merry puritan, through the twisted eglantine." Here, however, we see all through Stephen's eyes; but in the scene in the Ormond Hotel, which takes place a couple of hours later—our reveries absorb the world about us progressively as the light fades and as the impressions of the day accumulate—the sights and sounds and thoughts and feelings of the late afternoon, the laughter, the gold-and-bronze hair of the girls at the bar, the jingling of Blazes Boylan's car on his way to visit Molly Bloom, the ringing of the hoofs of the horses of the viceregal cavalcade coming in through the open window, the singing of Simon Dedalus, the sound of the piano accompaniment and the comfortable supper of Bloom—though they are not all, from beginning to end, perceived by Bloom himself—all mingle in a kind of symphony of bright sound, ringing color and declining light. The scene in the brothel, where it is night and where all the men characters are drunk, is like a slowed-up moving-picture, in which the intensified vision of reality is continually lapsing into phantasmagoric visions; and the let-down after the excitement of this, the lassitude and staleness of the scene in the cabmen's shelter where Bloom takes Stephen to get him some coffee, is rendered by a prose as weary and banal as the incidents which it reports. Joyce has achieved here, by different methods, a relativism like that of Proust: he is reproducing in literature the different aspects which things and people take on at different times and under different circumstances.

III

I do not think that Joyce has been equally successful with all these technical devices in "Ulysses"; but before it will be possible to discuss them further, we must approach the book from another point of view.

It has always been characteristic of Joyce to neglect action, narrative, drama, even the direct impact on one another of characters, as we get them in the ordinary novel, for a sort of psychological portraiture. There is tremendous vitality in Joyce, but very little movement. Like Proust's novel, his work is symphonic rather than narrative. It has developments, but they are like musical developments rather than dramatic developments. The most elaborate and interesting thing in "Dubliners"—the story called "The Dead"—is simply a record of the modification brought about in the relations of a husband and wife who have come home to bed after a family party, by the husband's becoming aware from the effect produced on his wife by a song which has been sung during the evening, that she has once been loved by another man, who is now dead; "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is simply a series of pictures of the young man at successive stages of his development; the theme of "Exiles" is the modification in the relations of a husband and wife effected by the reappearance of one of the wife's old lovers. And "Ulysses," again, for all its vast scale, is simply the story of the modification in the relations between another married couple effected by the impingement on their household of the personality of an only slightly known young man. All these stories cover a relatively brief time, and they are never carried any farther. When Joyce has explored one of these situations, when he has established the small gradual readjustment, he has done all that interests him.

All, that is, from the point of view of ordinary incident. But though Joyce almost entirely lacks appetite for violent conflict or vigorous action, he is prodigiously occupied with enriching and vitalizing his work from other points of view. Joyce's force, instead of following a line, expands itself in every dimension (including that of time!) about a single point. The world of "Ulysses" is animated by a complex inexhaustible life: we revisit it as we do a city, where we come more and more to recognize faces, to feel the force of personalities, to grasp relations, currents and interests. Joyce has exercised considerable technical ingenuity in introducing us to the elements of his story in an order which will enable us to find our bearings: yet I doubt whether any human memory is capable, on a first reading, of meeting the demands of "Ulysses." And when we reread it, we start in at any point, as if it were indeed something solid like a city which actually existed in space and which could be entered from any direction—as Joyce is said, in composing his books, to work on the different parts simultaneously. More than any other work of fiction, unless perhaps the "Comédie Humaine," "Ulysses" creates the illusion of a living social organism. We only see it for twenty hours, but we know its past as well as its present. We know Dublin, seen, heard, smelt and felt, brooded over, imagined, remembered.

Joyce's handling of this complex material, his method of giving his book a shape, resembles nothing else in modern fiction. The first critics of "Ulysses" mistook the novel for a "slice of life" and objected that it was too fluid or too chaotic. They did not recognize a plot because they could not recognize a progression: and the title told them nothing. It is now apparent, however, that "Ulysses" suffers from an excess of design rather than from a lack of one. Joyce has drawn up an outline of his novel, of which he has allowed certain of his commentators to avail themselves, but which he has not allowed them to publish in its entirety (though it is to be presumed that the book on "Ulysses" which Mr. Stuart Gilbert has announced will include all the information contained in it); and from this outline it appears that Joyce has set himself the task of fulfilling the requirements of a most complicated scheme—and a scheme which we could never have divined. For even if we had known about the Homeric parallel and had identified its most obvious correspondences—if we had had no

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difficulty in recognizing the Cyclops in the ferocious professional Fenian or Circe in the brothel-keeper or Hades in the cemetery—we should never have suspected how closely and how subtly the parallel had been followed—we should never have guessed, for example, that when Bloom passes through the National Library while Stephen is having his discussion with the literary men, he is escaping, on the one hand, a Scylla—that is, Aristotle, the rock of Dogma; and, on the other, a Charybdis—Plato, the whirlpool of Mysticism; nor that, when Stephen walks on the seashore, he is reënacting the combat with Proteus—in this case, primal matter, of whose continual transformations Stephen is reminded by the objects absorbed or washed up by the sea, but whose forms he is able to hold and fix, as the Homeric Proteus was held and vanquished, by power of the words which give him images for them. Nor should we have known that the series of phrases and onomatopoetic syllables placed at the beginning of the Sirens episode—the singing in the Ormond Hotel—and selected from the narrative which follows, are supposed to be musical themes and that the episode itself is a fugue; and though we may have felt the ironic effect of the specimens of inflated Irish journalism introduced at regular intervals in the conversation with the patriot in the pub—we should hardly have understood that these had been produced by a deliberate technique of "gigantism"—since, as the Citizen represents the Cyclops, and as the Cyclops was a giant, he must be rendered formidable by a parade of all the banalities of his patriotic claptrap swollen to gigantic proportions. We should probably never have guessed all this, and we should certainly never have guessed at the ingenuity which Joyce has expended in other ways. Not only, we learn from the outline, is there an elaborate Homeric parallel hidden in "Ulysses," but there is an organ of the human body and a human art or science featured in every episode. We look these up, a little incredulously, but there they all are—buried and disguised beneath the realistic surface, but carefully planted, unmistakably dwelt upon. And if we are tipped off, we are able to discover, in the chapter of the Lotos-Eaters, for example, countless references to flowers; in the Laestrygonians, to eating; in the Sirens, puns on musical terms; and in Aeolus, the newspaper office, not merely many references to wind but—the art featured in this episode being Rhetoric—some hundred different figures of speech.

Now the Homeric parallel in "Ulysses" is in general pointedly and charmingly carried out and justifies itself: it does help give the story a universal significance and it enables Joyce to show us in the actions and the relations of his characters meanings which he perhaps could not indicate easily in any other way, since the characters themselves must be largely unaware of these meanings and since Joyce has adopted the strict objective method, in which the author must not comment on the action. And we may even accept the arts and sciences and the organs of the human body as making the book complete and comprehensive, if a little systematic—the whole of man's experience in a day. But when we get all these things together, and with the variety of technical devices, the result is sometimes baffling or confusing. We become aware, after we have examined the outline, that when we read "Ulysses" for the first time, it was these organs and arts and sciences and Homeric correspondences which sometimes so discouraged our attention and disappointed our enjoyment. We had been climbing over these obstacles, without knowing it, in our attempts to follow Dedalus and Bloom. If, when we read "Ulysses" through, our attention sags, our interest is balked, it is because, beneath the surface of the narrative, too many other subjects—too many different sets of subjects and too many different orders of subjects—are being proposed to our attention.

It seems to me, then, impossible not to conclude that Joyce elaborated "Ulysses" too much—that he tried to put too many things into it. What is the value of all the references to flowers in the Lotos-Eaters chapter, for example? They do not create in the Dublin streets an atmosphere of lotos-eating—they merely puzzle us, if we have not been told to look for them, to know why Joyce has chosen to have Bloom think and see certain things of which the final explanation is that they are pretexts for mentioning flowers. And do not the gigantic interpolations of the Cyclops episode defeat their object by making it impossible for us to follow the narrative itself? The interpolations are funny in themselves, the incident related is a masterpiece of language and of humor, the idea of combining them seems happy, yet the effect is mechanical and annoying: in the end we have to read the whole thing through, skipping the interpolations, in order to find out what has happened. The worst example of the capacities for failure of this too synthetic, too systematic, method seems to me the scene in the maternity hospital. I have described above what actually takes place there as I have worked it out, after several readings and in the light of Joyce's outline. The Oxen of the Sun are "Fertility"—the crime committed against them is "Fraud." But, not content with this, Joyce has been at pains to fill the episode with references to real cattle and to include a long conversation about bulls. As for the special technique, it seems to me in this case to have no real appropriateness to the situation, but to have been dictated by sheer fantastic pedantry: this technique is described as "embryonic," in conformity to the subject, maternity, and it consists of a series of parodies of English literary style from the bad Latin of the early chronicles up through Ruskin and Carlyle, the development of the language corresponding to the development of the child in the womb. Now something important takes place in this chapter—the meeting between Dedalus and Bloom—and an important point is being made about it. But we

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miss the point because it is all we can do to follow the narrative of the drinking-party, itself rather a confused affair, through the medium of the language of the Morte d'Arthur, of the seventeenth-century diarists, of the eighteenth-century novelists, and of a great many other things in which we are not at the moment prepared to be interested. If we pay attention to the parodies, we miss the story. The parodies spoil the story, and the necessity of telling the story through them has spoiled the parodies.

Joyce has as little respect as Proust for the capacities of the reader's attention; and one feels, in Joyce's case as in Proust's, that the *longueurs* which break our backs, the mechanical combinations of elements which fail to coalesce, are the result of an effort on the part of a supernormally energetic mind to compensate by piling things up for an inability to make them move.

We have now arrived, in the maternity hospital, at the climactic scenes of the story, and Joyce has bogged us as he has never bogged us before. We shall forget the Oxen of the Sun in the wonderful night-town scene which follows it—but we shall be bogged afterwards worse than ever in the interminable let-down of the cabman's shelter and in the scientific question-and-answer chapter which communicates to us through the most uninviting possible medium Dedalus' conversation with Bloom. The night-town episode and Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy, which closes the book, are, of course, among the best things in it—but the proportions of the other three latter chapters, and the jarring effect of the pastiche style sandwiched in with the straight naturalistic, seem to me artistically absolutely unjustifiable. One can understand that Joyce may have intended the colorless and tiresome episodes to set off the rich and vivid ones, but not at the rate of a hundred and sixty-one pages of the former to a hundred and ninety-nine of the latter. Furthermore, Joyce has here half-buried his story under the virtuosity of his technical devices. It is almost as if he had elaborated it so much and worked over it so long that he had forgotten, in the amusement of writing parodies, the drama which he had originally intended to stage—or even as if he did not, after all, quite want us to understand the story, as if he had, in the end, thrown up between us and it a veritable fortification of solemn burlesque prose—almost as if he were shy and solicitous about it, and as if he wanted to protect it from us.

IV

Yet even these episodes to which I have objected contribute something to "Ulysses." In the chapter of parodies, for example, Joyce seems to be saying to us: "Here are specimens of the sort of thing that man has written about himself in the past—how naïve and how ludicrous it seems! I have shown you how he must know himself today." And in the question-and-answer chapter, which is written entirely from the point of view of science and where we are supplied with every possible astronomical, physical, statistical and biographical fact about Stephen's visit to Bloom: "This is all that the twentieth-century man thinks he knows about himself and his universe. How brittle and inadequate this reasoning seems when we apply it to Molly and Bloom!"

For one of the most important features of "Ulysses" is its interest as an investigation into the nature of human consciousness and behavior. Its importance from the point of view of psychology has never, it seems to me, been properly appreciated—though its influence on other books and, in consequence, upon our ideas about ourselves, has already been profound. Joyce has attempted to set down as comprehensively, and to render as accurately as it is possible in words to do, what our participation in life is like—or rather, what it seems to us like, as from moment to moment we live. In order to make his record complete, he has been obliged to disregard a number of conventions of literature and taste which, especially in English-speaking countries, have in modern times been pretty strictly observed, even by the writers who have aimed to be most scrupulously truthful. Joyce, in "Ulysses," has studied the trivial, the base, the dirty elements of our lives with the relentlessness of a modern psychologist; and he has also, what the modern naturalist has seldom been poet enough for, done justice to all those elements in our lives which we have been in the habit of describing by such names as love, nobility, beauty and truth. It is curious to reflect that a number of critics—including Arnold Bennett—should have found Joyce misanthropic. Flaubert is misanthropic, if you like—and in reproducing his technique, Joyce sometimes suggests his acrid tone. But Stephen, Mrs. Bloom and Bloom are certainly not unattractive people—they are even what we should call good. Stephen and Bloom are played off a little against the duller and meaner people about them; but even these people can scarcely be said to be treated with bitterness, even when, as in the case of Buck Mulligan or Simon Dedalus, Stephen's view of them is bitter: Joyce is remarkable, rather, for equanimity.

The trouble has really been that the first readers of "Ulysses" were shocked by the way in which the incongruous elements of our complex human organism were mingled in Joyce's characters—or rather, by the way in which Joyce has violated the traditional conventions for representing the mingling of these elements. But the more we read "Ulysses," the more we feel its psychological truth, and the more we are astonished by Joyce's genius in grasping, not through analysis or generalization, but by the direct representation of life in the process of being lived, the relations of human beings to their environment and to each other, the nature of their perception of what goes on about them and of what goes on within themselves, and the interdependence of their intellectual, their phys-

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ical, their professional and their emotional lives. To have traced all these interdependences, to have given each of these elements its value, yet never to have lost sight of the moral through preoccupation with the physical, nor to have forgotten the general in the particular; to have presented us with ordinary humanity without either satirizing or sentimentalizing it—this would already have been sufficiently remarkable; but to have turned such material into poetry, and that poetry of the highest order, is a feat which has hardly been equaled in English in our age.

In Stephen's diary in "A Portrait of the Artist," we find this significant entry apropos of a poem of Yeats:

> Michael Robartes remembers forgotten beauty and, when his arms wrap her round, he presses in his arms the loveliness which has long faded from the world. Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world.

And, with "Ulysses," Joyce has brought into literature a new and unknown beauty. Some readers have regretted the extinction in the later Joyce of the charming lyric poet of his two little books of poems and the *fin de siècle* prose writer of the *fin de siècle* phases of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." This poet is still present in "Ulysses": "Kind air defined coigns of houses in Kildare Street. No birds. Frail from the housetops two plumes of smoke ascended, pluming, and in a flaw of softness softly were blown." But the conventions of the romantic lyric, of "esthetic" prose, even of the naturalism of Flaubert, can no longer, for Joyce, be made to accommodate, to contain, the reality of experience. The diverse elements of experience are perceived in different relations and they must be differently represented. Joyce has found for this new vision a new language—a language of such vividness and beauty that we no longer feel nostalgia for the old. He is the great poet of a new phase of the human consciousness.

Bloom himself is, in one of his aspects, the typical man of our time—a Jew, he might be an inhabitant of any provincial city of Europe or America. He makes a living by petty business, he leads the life of all the world—and he holds the conventional enlightened opinions of that world: he believes in science, social reconstruction and internationalism. But he is surpassed and illuminated from above by Stephen, who represents the intellect, the creative imagination; and he is upheld by Mrs. Bloom, who represents the body, the earth. Bloom leaves with us in the long run the impression that he is something both better and worse than either of them; for Stephen sins through pride, the sin of the intellect; and Molly is at the mercy of the flesh; but Bloom, though a less powerful personality than either, has the strength of humility. It is difficult to describe the character of Bloom, as it is represented by Joyce in "Ulysses": it takes precisely the whole of "Ulysses" to describe it. It is not merely that Bloom is mediocre, that he is clever, that he is commonplace—that he is comic, that he is pathetic—that he is, as Rebecca West believes, a figure of abject "squatting" vulgarity, that he is, at moments, as Foster Damon indicates, the Christ—he is all these things, and it is the proof of Joyce's greatness that the more we think about "Ulysses," the less can we find the formula for Bloom.

Both Stephen and Molly rise to heights which Bloom can never reach. In Stephen's rhapsody on the seashore, in the earlier book, when he realizes his artist's vocation, we have heard the ecstasy of the creative mind. In the soliloquy of Mrs. Bloom, Joyce has given us another ecstasy of creation, the rhapsody of the flesh. Stephen's dream was conceived in loneliness, by a drawing apart from his fellows. But Mrs. Bloom is like the earth, which gives the same life to all: she feels a kinship with all living creatures. She pities the "poor donkeys slipping half asleep" in the steep street of Gibraltar, as well as "the sentry in front of the governor's house . . . half roasted" in the sun; and she gives herself to the bootblack at the General Post Office as readily as to Professor Goodwin. But, none the less, she will tend to breed from the highest type of life she knows: she turns to Bloom, and, beyond him, toward Stephen. This gross body—the body of humanity—upon which the whole structure of "Ulysses" rests—still throbbing with so strong a rhythm amid obscenity and squalor—is laboring to throw up some dignity and some beauty by which it may transcend itself.

These two passages carry off all the ignominies and trivialities through which Joyce has made us live: they seem to me—the soaring silver prose of the one, the deep embedded pulse of the other—among the supreme expressions in literature of the creative power of humanity: they are, respectively, the justifications of the woman and the man.

V

Since finishing "Ulysses," Joyce has been engaged upon another work, about half of which has been published in Transition. It is not possible to judge this book properly in the imperfect form in which it has appeared. It is a sort of complement to "Ulysses"; Joyce has said of it that, as "Ulysses" deals with the day and with the conscious mind, so his new work is to deal with the night and with the subconscious. The whole of this new production is apparently to occupy itself with the single night's sleep of a single character. Joyce has already exhibited in "Ulysses" a unique genius in the representation of special psychological states: I know of nothing else in literature, for example, like the drunken night-town scene—we are astounded at Joyce's capacity for remembering and reproducing the different phases of drunkenness. His method of rendering the phases of sleep is

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similar to the methods of the Circe episode, but he is here attempting something even more difficult, and his way of doing it raises an important question in regard to all Joyce's later work. Joyce, as I have said, always nowadays represents the consciousness of his characters directly: but his method of representing consciousness is to let you overhear his characters talking to themselves. Joyce's people think and feel exclusively in terms of words, for Joyce himself thinks in terms of words. This is partly due, no doubt, to his defects of eyesight, which of late years have become so serious as to make it difficult for him to work. There is an interesting passage in "A Portrait of the Artist" in which Joyce himself discusses this aspect of his work:

> He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself:
>
> —A day of dappled seaborne clouds.—
>
> The phrase and the day and the scene harmonised in a chord. Words. Was it their colors? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the greyfringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colors: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and color? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many colored and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose.

And in "Ulysses" we hear the characters far more plainly than we see them: Joyce describes them in sparse, scrupulous phrases, one trait here, another there. But the Dublin of "Ulysses" is a city of voices. Who has a clear idea of how Bloom or Molly Bloom looks?—and should we have a clear idea of Stephen if we had never seen photographs of Joyce? But their eternally soliloquizing voices are as haunting as any in literature.

Joyce already seems sometimes, in "Ulysses," to go a little beyond the probabilities in the vocabulary which he allows Bloom to dispose of. When Bloom, in the drunken scene, for example, imagines himself giving birth to "eight male yellow and white children" all "with valuable metallic faces" and each with "his name printed in legible letters on his shirt-front: Nasodoro, Goldfinger, Chrysostomos, Maindorée, Silversmile, Silberselber, Vifargent, Panargyros"—we have difficulty in believing that he would have been learned enough for this. Yet I do not suppose that Joyce means us to think that Bloom actually formulated these words in his mind: it is the author's way of conveying in words an idea which on the part of Bloom must have been a good deal vaguer than this. Now, in his new book, Joyce has tried to make his hero express directly in words, again, states of mind which do not usually in reality make use of words at all —for the subconscious has no language—the dreaming mind does not usually speak—and when it does, it is more likely to express itself in the looking-glass language of "Jabberwocky" than in anything resembling ordinary speech. Joyce's attempts which, on their large scale and with their greater seriousness, have a good deal in common with those of Lewis Carroll, to find words for the wordless world of sleep—that is, not merely to describe this world, but to let the sleeper communicate it to us directly, are more easily comprehensible to literary people than to people who are not "word-minded." Yet it is worth making an effort to understand this rather formidable-looking new novel of Joyce's, for what he is trying to do is both artistically and psychologically extremely interesting, and it may be that he will turn out to have written the most remarkable piece of dream-literature in existence.

The best way to understand Joyce's method is to note what goes on in one's own mind when one is just dropping off to sleep. Images or words—if one thinks in words like Joyce—which were already in the conscious mind will suddenly take on some quite alien significance—or some vivid incident which may have taken place just before one went to bed will begin to swell with a meaning, an emotion, which at first we do not recognize because it has come up from the submerged part of the mind and assumed the disguise of the more immediate—because it is dissociated from the situation out of which it originally arose. And so the images which our waking mind would keep distinct from one another incongruously mingle in our sleep with an effect of perfect congruity. A single one of Joyce's sentences, therefore, will combine two or three different meanings—two or three different sets of symbols—a single word may combine two or three. We are not to suppose that the hero of his book frames all these sentences to himself—they are merely an equivalent for sleeping states which do not lend themselves to the logic of articulate human thought. We are not to suppose that he knows all the languages or understands all the allusions which Joyce makes him resort to in his dream. We are now at a level below particularized languages—we are in the region whence all languages arise and where the impulses of all acts have their origin.

The hero of the night's sleep in question is, it would appear, a certain H. C. Earwicker, a Norwegian living in Dublin. He seems to have attempted a number of occupations—to have been a postman, to have kept a hotel and a shop—it seems probable that, at the present time, he is working in Guiness's Brewery. He is married and has children, but has apparently been carrying on a flirtation with a girl called Anna Livia. This, along with other lapses from respectability associated with it in his mind, troubles his conscience and his repose. We are introduced, at the very beginning, into Earwicker's drowsing consciousness, and we have to make what we can of the names, the shapes, and above all, of the voices which fill that dim and

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shifting world—they combine and recombine, they are always changing into one another—but as we go on and we find them recurring, we begin to be able to recognize them—we become familiar with the character of Earwicker—we begin to guess at his condition and history. We identify Maggie and the children, the house in which they live, the four old men with the donkey, Earwicker's drunken misdemeanors and his fear of being caught by the police, the washerwomen gathering up their washing, Anna Livia on the bank of the Liffey, the Hill of Howth, the tree and the stone. But none of these things is presented objectively—they are all parts of Earwicker himself: men and women, old and young, the river, the mountain, the tree and the stone—it is the dreamer speaking through all of them. The old men come to admire him as he is sleeping on the mountainside, but in a moment it is Earwicker himself who is talking about himself; or he splits up into two personalities, one of whom bullies or accuses the other. He is coming out of a pub into the street with a party of drunken companions, many people are standing about but the revelers do not care how much attention they attract: they egg on one of their number to sing and the song turns out to be a recital of all Earwicker's failures and sins—he has made a fool of himself, he has swindled the Dubliners, his wife is going to read him the Riot Act. Or he sets out to explain something by a fable of the Mookse and the Gripes—the Mookse comes swaggering up to the Gripes, who is hanging on a tree—a sort of altercation takes place, and we recognize the incident as one of Earwicker's encounters with the police—but dusk falls and the washerwomen come out and take away the Mookse and the Gripes, who are now merely two pieces of laundry.

One of the most attractive parts which has so far appeared is the "Anna Livia Pluribelle" passage. Here the stone and the elm have turned into the washerwomen—we hear them gossiping about Anna Livia, who is both the girl with whom the hero is in love and the river Liffey: it is the voice of the river itself, light, rapid, incessant, almost metrical, now monotonously running on one note, now impeded and syncopated, but vivaciously, interminably babbling its indistinct rigmarole story, half unearthly, half vulgarly human, of a semi-legendary heroine—till, with the final falling of darkness, the voices grow husky and vague and announce the presence of night.

It is early night in this first section of the book, and the shadow of the past, the memory presumably of the day before, darkens the hero's sleep—the vulgarities of his waking life oppress him and pursue him, but after midnight, as dawn approaches, as he becomes dimly aware of the first light, the dream lightens and moves unencumbered—if I am not mistaken, the middle-aged Earwicker reverts to the period of his youth, he becomes carefree, attractive, well-liked—his spirit turns refreshed to the new day. I suppose that the book is to end with his waking up—no doubt we shall see all the fantasies of the dream closed down into the commonplace fate which we have already been able to divine.

This new production of Joyce's exaggerates the qualities we have noted in "Ulysses." There is even less action than in "Ulysses." Joyce has set out with certain definite themes and the themes are evidently all to have their developments, but these developments take a long time. We make progress—we pass from night to morning—and no doubt, when the whole book is before us, we shall see that some sort of psychological drama has been played out in Earwicker's mind—but, as we progress, we go round and round. And whereas in "Ulysses," there is only one parallel, in this new book there are a whole set: Adam and Eve, Tristan and Isolde, Swift and Vanessa, Cain and Abel, Michael and Lucifer, Wellington and Napoleon. It would seem that Joyce has provided plausible reasons for the appearance of all these personages in his hero's mind—but the effect of the superposition, one upon the other, of such a variety of parallels seems sometimes less to enrich the book than to give it a complexity again merely synthetic. Joyce is again trying to do too many things at once. The style he has invented for the purposes of his new book works on the principle of a palimpsest: one meaning, one set of images, is written over another. Now we can grasp a certain number of such suggestions at the same time, but Joyce, with his characteristic disregard for the reader's capacity for attention, apparently works over and over his pages, multiplying allusions and suggestions by the laborious introduction of puns. This appears clearly from the different versions which have been published in various places of the Anna Livia Pluribelle passage. The first of these still seems to me charming and none the worse for being easily intelligible; the second certainly leaves nothing to be desired; but in the third, Joyce has so distorted the words, he has wrenched them to so many double meanings—he has, for example, in the final version, succeeded in introducing plays on words on the names of some five hundred rivers—that instead of conveying as this passage did perfectly before, the dim, ambiguous impression of a dream, it has become too often unpronouncable and impenetrable. As soon as we are aware of Joyce himself systematically embroidering on his text, deliberately inventing puzzles, the illusion of the dream is lost. Yet, on the whole, this illusion is created and kept up with extraordinary success. There is a curious fascination about becoming gradually acquainted with a character whom we know only from the inside and from his dreams. It is, as I say, impossible as yet to judge this new production properly—the account I have given of it may be full of error; but it is safe to say that its best humor and poetry match the best that Joyce has written—that its use of language is an important event in the development of a great master of letters.

EDMUND WILSON.

MASSACHUSETTS

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We're Not So Bad

WE HAVE, within the last few weeks, convicted Mr. Albert B. Fall and exposed Mr. William B. Shearer. Mr. Harry Sinclair has served out his full sentence. Henceforth, your correspondent does not intend to take any more back talk from foreigners, and especially not from Britishers.

England first heard about our oil scandals in 1923. Since then, for six years, English hosts and hostesses have been telephoning their friends, "Come on down to the country. We've got an American for the week-end." Everybody comes, and has a fine time. All through a long, drizzling Sunday in Sussex, they sit around the American, asking questions. Is it true that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon shoots craps with the Attorney General, and has had to draw on the public funds? Does the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations really meet in the dressing-room of a motion picture actress?

English people take pride in knowing their United States, just as they used to pride themselves on knowing their Italy. They never ask silly questions about buffaloes, and what it feels like to be tomahawked by Indians. They know better than that. America is the place where Supreme Court justices peddle drugs, and where bootleggers control the House of Representatives.

Your correspondent has been told several thousand times that it is a great pity the best people in America do not take an interest in politics. In England, thank God, there are gentlemen's sons even in the Labor party.

We have had a bad press in London. The Daily Mail has been generally anti-American, and so has the die-hard Morning Post. Punch has had jokes—not very good ones. According to the current English belief, any American President would sell the brass door-knobs off the White House doors, if he weren't watched. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, of all people, has been infected. In "The Apple Cart," his American Ambassador is a person of no more probity than a grasshopper, quite obviously so. Mr. Shaw, in inventing the character, has apparently combined the most objectionable manners of Mr. Charles G. Dawes with the horn-rimmed spectacles of Mr. Alanson B. Houghton—which hardly seems giving us a break.

Individually, of course, most English people like Americans. They do not mind our coming from the Land of Bribery and Corruption. On the contrary, entertaining an American now has a flavor of adventure, like doing settlement work, or belonging to a prison relief committee.

The harm is in the fact that some Americans—including our embassy officials in London—are willing to accept this evaluation of our national life. When an American abroad loudly brags about his country, most often the poor devil is covering up a consciousness of guilt. What is more, people here in the United States—including the American Bar Association—have been troubled and unhappy. We seem to have had more than our fair share of official wrong-doing. There has been a nervous feeling that there was, politically, something abnormal—or subnormal—about us.

For the sake of anthropological accuracy, are we, as a people, any queerer than other nations? It is very doubtful.

The essence of the oil scandals was that the political party in power—the Republican party—together with certain individuals, took money in return for illegal favors. This happened, mostly, during the winter of 1921-22. In England, immediately after the War, the Liberal coalition was in power. At approximately the same time that Mr. Sinclair was making his contributions to the Republican party here in America, the cause of Liberalism, over in England, received donations totaling £1,000,000. Mr. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal coalition, simultaneously had created an unprecedented number of earls, marquises, viscounts, barons and baronets. One of them had devoted his life's talents to the manufacture of pickles, and had made a lot of money. Of the rest, few were distinguished except as War-profiteers.

The English, as every American visitor quickly learns, take their peerage very seriously. Our oil scandals, at the beginning, did not look half so scandalous as this did. The Liberal Million Fund, however, was never investigated, and it is safe to say it never will be. The fund still exists, and is the main thing that holds the present Liberal party together.

In France, it was the Radical party which, along about 1925, suddenly came into riches. At that time the franc was starting its final plunge downwards, and a group of French and Dutch bankers was alleged to be profiting hugely. In the Chamber of Deputies, Premier Edouard Herriot, then chief of the Radical party, was accused by his enemies of permitting manipulation of the franc in return for party contributions in cash.

Probably this is not the place for a world survey of post-War conditions. If anyone likes the subject, however, it is no secret that the corruption of the Italian Parliament helped bring about the march on Rome and Mussolini, that corruption in the Spanish Cortes largely accounts for Primo

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de Rivera, and that in Germany the relation between the Reichsbank and Hugo Stinnes, Sr., was at one time unnaturally close.

The point would seem to be that politics, as yet, is a very elementary form of human endeavor. We all expect an amoeba—since we know amoebas are very simple creatures—to be exactly like every other amoeba, the world over, and probably we are not justified in expecting any more from our politicians.

There is, certainly, one slight difference between what happened here and what happened in foreign nations. In England there was no publicity. Therefore, while the famous Honors List of Mr. Lloyd George may have been as hygienic as a sheet of surgeon's gauze, the British citizenry never were sure. You will remember that Mr. Lloyd George was turned out of office.

In France there was no publicity. The Radical party may have been blameless for the fall of the franc, but the French public never knew. The Radical party was defeated and M. Herriot resigned the party leadership.

Over here, our Republican party publicly liquidated its moral lapses—most unwillingly, it is true. Elderly people may recall the long line of distinguished party members who passed into the mists—Mr. Edwin Denby, the Big Marine, Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, the Boy Detective, and many others. Thereupon, we returned the Republican party to power. All of which might indicate that the voters of England, France and America possess, on ethical questions, a great deal of good sense. Probably those who think democracy is doomed to failure are unduly agitated. It was not pleasant to have our bribery and corruption headlined all over the world, but Americans abroad should not feel too downcast about it, and the American Bar Association should not resign hope.

In the autumn of 1923, the odor from the oil scandals was very faint. The whole affair could have been covered up. If we had had a governing class of best people, as in England, or a hard-boiled bureaucracy, as in France, the chances are that it would have been covered up. It was not covered up largely because we are governed—if you want to call it that—by people who are ludicrously like ourselves, from our presidents downwards. There is always, moreover, one cantankerous, unforgiving individual in every American town, and in Washington there always seems to be someone like Senator Walsh of Montana.

In the English House of Commons, a member's honor can never be challenged. Senator Hiram Bingham, the Connecticut Innocent, would like the House of Commons. There is no such guild spirit in Washington. Mr. Will M. Hays, ex-Cabinet officer, learned this during two wretched days on the witness stand. Mr. Fall, ex-Senator, ex-Cabinet officer, is now probably convinced of it.

Recently the London press has overflowed with acid comments on the case of Mr. Shearer. Mr. Shearer is described as a "typical American phenomenon." Purely in the interest of scientific accuracy, and in no invidious spirit, your correspondent would like to point out that there have been, from time to time, other arms propagandists, and that the most famous of them was Sir Basil Zaharoff.

It is possible that Mr. Shearer and Sir Basil have both been overestimated, but if Mr. Shearer broke up the Geneva Arms Conference, Sir Basil unquestionably helped bring on the Greco-Turkish War of 1922, with all its disastrous effect on the Near East prestige of England. Sir Basil received a British knighthood. No one knows whether Sir Basil, on a witness stand, would have seemed as comic as our own Big Bass Drum seemed, because Sir Basil has never been on a witness stand. Neither have any English munitions makers been compelled to display their curiously defective memories in public.

We Americans lack reverence, in spite of all that the D. A. R., the American Flag Society and other groups can do about it. True, we have progressed from the days when President George Washington was joyously rotten-egged in New York City. Yet in comparison with foreign nations, we have a long way still to go.

A short time back, an Englishman—a former Guardsman, no less—happened to remark in print that the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone hadn't really been such a dull dog as everyone thought, and that, back in the eighties he might have been seen, on occasion, skipping in and out of the dressing-room of Miss Langtry, the Jersey Lily. The entire London press fell upon the unfortunate gentleman. He was sued for libel by the Gladstone heirs. He was hastily ejected from his arch-Tory club. And all the while, over in America, Miss Nan Britten's opus, "The President's Daughter," was quietly selling a thousand or more copies a week, with no serious remonstrance from anyone.

As a matter of fact, the thing that puzzles foreigners most about America is not our bribery and corruption. A delightful Englishwoman, a year or so ago, went to see "The Front Page," the glorious play of Messrs. MacArthur and Hecht. She was widely traveled and very fond of America.

She had been told that the play concerned Chicago newspapers and politics, and that one of the characters was a faithful representation of Mayor William Hale Thompson. She knew about Mayor Thompson, because he was the man who had threatened to bust H. M. King George V in the snoot. All through the play, until the final curtain, she sat silent. Then, as applause broke out, the surrounding section of the audience was astonished to hear a high, penetrating British voice:

"Such things could never happen in England, but if they did, no one would mention them."

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

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Help Not Wanted

SEVERAL months ago, I and a few others were branded by the Communist party of New York as a sore on the face of civilization, or something equally discreditable. A leech, let us say, on the pocketbooks of the poor. The charge is inexact, to say nothing of the inelegance of the metaphor. For the bourgeoisie are my victims, and that fact should palliate my sins before any Communist.

Furthermore, in the few words that follow, I intend to expose my practices to the world and wash guilt from my hands. Henceforth, if any ninny either comes to New York for a job, or, worse still, comes to my agency, it is his fault and not my own. He should have read The New Republic beforehand. Let him con my advice, save carfare, and remain a Caesar in his own home town.

Briefly, I do this. I am a member of a commercial employment agency of the better class. For the consideration of a small fee, I will listen to any New Yorker (usually just out of Ol' Virginny or trans-Allegheny territory) and try to find his qualifications for the semi-professional fields of advertising, publicity, publishing, "social work," research and good stenography. The aforesaid qualifications are usually nil. My customary victim has a college degree—perhaps two—an appalling innocence of the world, a fund of small talk and big notions about his place in the city.

After discovering his physical, emotional, racial and occupational status, I promise to look after him. Weeks follow. At last, if he has not starved in the meantime, I find a place in which he will not disgrace himself or me. Last and most important, I try to collect from him a fee equal to his first week's salary.

As you may gather, my procedure in all these transactions is amateurish. For me a day runs something like this: In the morning my secretary gives me a list of the day's interviews. They occupy me until shortly after lunch. And then follow several hours left for "field work"—that is, interviewing potential employers of people on my list.

It is an easy life. I go by hunches and big talk. I reflect the current prejudices of the group of employers I happen to know, and send them, on the least hint, not the best qualified person for their job, but whatever man or woman I think has the best chance of getting it.

I have an opportunity, therefore, to be constantly amazed by how little merit or quality has to do with obtaining a position in New York. Perhaps it requires merit to *hold* one, but, of course, I am not interested in that angle. For employers are just as great fools as I am. They, too, go by snap judgments almost entirely; they, too, love flattery and are easily taken in. Moreover, the positions they have to offer are so stupid that anyone can fill them, if he always remembers never to admit their banality. Why should I trouble to discover what happens afterward? I don't.

Now, I am ready to agree with the Communists on one ground. A rational world will have none of my kind around. Eugenics will have seen to that in the first place. Besides, Dr. Freud's successors will have introduced every genius to his niche straight from the cradle, so that he will need no intermediaries. Or Dr. J. B. Watson's followers will condition his reflexes to his home town environment and he will stay there—to my great loss. And in the meantime, a future Dr. Henry Ford will have abolished all jobs and work, anyway.

Even a semi-rational country would toss me out of my office as a predatory meddler, and would appoint in my stead a trained psychologist. Instead of three fake-mahogany files of meager data, my rooms would be lined with cabinets of careful items: a map of the district of which my office was the employment center, a comprehensive list of private and public enterprises needing men and women in those callings for which I was a duly authorized agent. A weekly or daily bulletin of labor conditions in my district. A series of approved aptitude tests or questionnaires. A check-up on the vagaries of hire-and-fire office tyrants on whom I now depend for at least two placements per month. Perhaps, wonder of all wonders, I might coöperate with the white-collar union! And so on down the broad avenue to Utopia.

Meanwhile, back to the facts of my work-a-day world from nine to five.

Budding O. Henrys, my office would be your chance to see a significant slice of the New Four Million—or is it now 5,120,028? I listen on the average to a dozen stories a morning that give me a pang of regret for the days when I was going to write a novel. Once I might have paid good money to hear some of them. Now I run a business confessional (and at a price, too) for the young and inexperienced.

Yes, they are all young! Of course, the middle-aged—those of thirty-three or thereabouts—and ancients of forty, do come around, but I have little patience with them. Both they and I know they are beaten. I shall give one example. A newspaper man was sent out some years ago when he was reaching the danger line of forty, to do commercial syndicate stuff in a foreign country for his paper. Early this year his column was withdrawn, and he was given his passage home, two weeks' pay, and the

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blessing of his editor. He cried with joy when I finally found him a job addressing envelopes at a wage of several cents a hundred. Later he came to tell me that the eye-strain was making him blind. He doesn't come at all any more.

The majority of my clients, however, are very young and correspondingly foolish. Reflection should show even the most dull-witted that I can do little for them. Of course, any agency may have a larger list of "friends"—*i. e.*, usable acquaintances—than a newcomer in the city possesses. That is its business. Its contact men have plied every personnel manager in the city with luncheon engagements, phone calls, interviews and letters. Likewise, a successfully placed applicant often feels for several weeks an obligation to report back other vacancies, present or future, in his company. He thinks that if he does so I may not dun him so promptly for payment of his bill.

But the drawbacks are as obvious. Most frequently the vacancies I discover through such means are for small fry—part-time positions of little worth in permanence or salary. Secondly, an employer will frequently avoid giving too many jobs to one agency. Or maybe our last placement resulted in his getting a nit-wit or a truthful person. An employer has a long memory for mistakes like that. Again, if he is not a fool, or in too great a hurry, he will prefer to place an advertisement in a paper. Nearly every twenty-word advertisement in such a journal as The New York Times will draw from fifty to two hundred and fifty replies. An assistant can throw out the hopelessly illiterate from among them—90 percent, I should say—and there will still remain a dozen prospective wage slaves at his beck and call.

Indeed, a letter is such a valuable method of checking the worth of applicants for the type of position we habitually fill, that I wonder why our agency is used at all. A twenty-minute conference with a sweet young thing about the size of the organization she would have to work for, the fineness of its location, and all the other inanities of the average interview, will tell you nothing of her ability to spell. A pug nose, the right perfume, a shapely leg, cannot, unfortunately, be put on a letterhead. Sex-allure and clean-cut masculinity fade most vapidly on many a typewritten page.

The sole rebuttal to these hoary truths, I suppose, is a glance at any row of millionaires. Intelligence and wealth seem seldom to nod to each other. And what's a spoiled letter between a cutie and her boss—if he takes her out to dinner regularly?

But these are trifles beside the main point: that there are 2,000,000 people in New York whom we could do without. From this glut of humanity springs the vicious circle of too few good positions and too many over-educated applicants.

Littering the streets of Gotham are thousands of boys and girls who were A-1 products in the home town. Now they are out of a job. Or, worse still, have jobs not far enough below their standards of living to make them move out: they sell bonds or underwear for years, they are flunkeys for managers or floorwalkers. The more seriously they believed in an *education* as opposed to four years at college, the more unfitted they are for business. They do not rush to a subway seat before an old lady can reach it; they wait beside revolving doors for the man in a hurry to pass through; in brief, they stand a little to the side until a few years have embittered them.

Recently I saw four Phi Beta Kappa keys on salesmen in a large department store of the city. If they were not stolen or bought from a pawnshop, they indicated four uneasy young men who still believed in Horatio Alger. Some one told them they would have a chance there to "work up," and they believed it.

The three placements of our office this morning are typical examples of misdirected energy:

(1) A young girl from Minnesota, a fine Nordic Valkyrie. A sheepskin in her hands to proclaim her an M.S. in biology. She is now hostess in a mid-town tea room.

(2) A young man from upper New York state who went to a Western university to write poetry and view sunsets. But surely poetry can be written nowhere north of Twelfth Street or west of the Hudson. So now he sits at a battered desk in a newspaper office with his ear glued to a telephone from three in the afternoon until midnight. He is waiting for a list of obituaries to come in for the morning edition. From the undertakers of greater New York, he will take down twelve-word statements about the dead Joneses and Smiths—the beloved husbands, fathers, daughters, sons, who have given up the bitter competitive pace he thinks he has just set for himself. And at a salary of $25 for a seven-day week!

(3) Or another young man from distant Australia. He is of a line of missionary bishops. Slated himself for a bishopric, even as a child, he grew up on legends of the church fathers and lives of the saints. But here he is, the private secretary of a publicity agent.

Think of the waste of brain-power I have helped here to perpetrate! The young lady ought to be back with her frogs and formaldehyde. The first young man should be quoting poetry before the enraptured females of a seminary; the second should be on the high road to God's kingdom on earth. There are enough graduates of our schools of business administration to take the jobs that any one of them has now, or will ever get in New York.

Simply because they want to stay here, I have been able to trade on their secondary qualifications of personableness, fluency or what-not, and have steered them into jobs for which they are hopelessly overeducated. Their work will bore them to tears within a month. They will be job-hunters in another six weeks, and again and again thereafter, until some office routine breaks them or they escape—to matrimony in the case of the girl, or to a smaller city.

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I feel the homily is wasted. Before it is printed, a fresh horde will have bought railway tickets to New York. And hence this tearful advice, which has all been tested:

If you have a porcine soul, a pachydermatous hide, a thick wallet; if your trunk is packed and your return ticket is sewed in your pocket; if you still believe in Tom Swift and the fun-loving Rover Boys—then come on and be "fall guys" for a year or two. But remember:

(1) Keep away from agencies like mine. You can do everything I do and save your week's salary (probably $22.50). Consult a "Red Book," and walk into any dozen establishments where you think you have a chance. Use any pretext, and flatter every boss.

(2) Keep away from publicity jobs. They sear the soul and evict you at last from the hall bedroom. Anyway, a dozen old reporters with bad arches are hobbling toward the one you have in mind.

(3) Never crash a three- or four-name advertising agency. When you go to Bing, Bang, Biff & Sockem, you pay for the reputation of the company by six months at $25 a week. At the end of the year you get $30. Then you get fired.

(4) Answer *every* possible advertisement in the best paper. After a month or two, you may learn the lies that fetch an answer.

(5) Learn stenography and forget your big words.

(6) In an interview, claim every grace and ability in sight.

(7) Don't be too fat, skinny, tall, short, ugly, ravishing, expensive, cheap, pert, glum, honest. New York offices are a paradise of mediocrity.

(8) Use your sex-appeal or manly charm to the limit. It may be God's only gift to you.

(9) Being old is as bad as *looking* Jewish. Avoid both as you would a plague. Remember we're all 100 percenters here, who chant in unison, "Why *we* have no race prejudice. Some of our best friends are . . ." etc.

(10) Then use your ticket back home, where you can amount to something.

SAMUEL MIDDLEBROOK.

Soul's Adventure

I heard the centuries tick slowly,
Earth's pulse equivocate. O Lord,
Gigantic silence strikes. Thy holy
And undeniable word.

This is the bitter promised day
When, dragging wings, I leave behind
A faun-like head upon a tray,
Spear buried in the mind.

Now I must tread the starry wrack
And penetrate the burning sea.
Proud boy, proud boy, I may come back,
But do not wait for me.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ.

Washington Notes

AS the holidays approach, the prospect of their being very, very merry around the White House seems not so good. There are still things to look forward to, but I hear that the piling up of problems, particularly the problem of how to secure action, other than adverse, from the Senate, has taken a good deal of pep out of the medicine-ball passing these chilly mornings. There is a lack of snap about the tossing of the eight-pound, non-explosive hunk of leather indicative of preoccupation not unmixed with perturbation. Troubles seem to multiply rather than diminish. The "breaks" are not coming Mr. Hoover's way. For instance, it must be admitted that his first real message to Congress on the state of the Union did not meet with ringing cheers from any section of the country. True, it was reassuring to the "business interests," and was followed by a temporary strengthening of the stock market, but it was far too dull, and much too long, to stir any real interest in the general public. It wholly lacked a thrill. It was sound and safe, containing a large number of recommendations which will be largely disregarded by Congress, as were those of the good Calvin. One trouble about the message, it seems to me, was that it was written too much in the tone of an engineer's report. The same material could have been taken by a clever journalist and made twice as interesting and impressive. By skillful literary hands, even the idea of leadership, the apparent lack of which causes the bulk of the criticism from Democratic and independent quarters, might have been conveyed.

What puts the administration most definitely on the defensive, of course, is Mr. Hoover's continued lack of candor in dealing with the tariff. It is difficult for even the most earnest of the inner circle to evolve a convincing answer to the question why he studiously avoids saying clearly whether, so far as rates are concerned, the rewritten bill suits him better than the original monstrosity from the Finance Committee. I can see no real excuse for falling back upon his original generalities now, after the situation has been entirely changed by Senate action, and when concrete propositions, upon which he must have a judgment and a preference, are pending. As a result of his failure to clarify his views, they will continue to be misrepresented in the Senate; not even his own particular friends there of the Allen-Vandenberg type are able to speak for him with authority.

That part of the message dealing with the World Court irritated Mr. Hearst and Brother Brisbane very much more than the same recommendations by Mr. Coolidge had done. Probably one reason for their increased resentment is the fact that neither is in the position to pat this President on the back personally and patronizingly, as they did his predecessor. Another is the realization that this time, there is no way to block our entrance into the Court, savage though the fight of the irreconcilable Johnsons, Borahs and Moseses will be. This time, everybody concedes that we are really going in.

The message, however, will be very old stuff by the time this piece is printed. So, too, I suppose, will the rather mortifying incident of our fatuous appeal to Russia

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and China to remember the sacred promises of the Kellogg-Briand pact, which resulted in nothing except a smart slap in the face from the Soviet government. No one can deny that we asked for it. I do not know whether to attribute the original idea of this note to Mr. Stimson or not. I don't believe it came from Mr. Cotton, who thinks much farther ahead than the one-day story on the front page. There is a report that it was originally suggested by an enthusiastic member of the "corps of correspondents," who thought it would be a grand stroke by the administration, or anyhow, that it would make a good piece of news. In any case, it of course had White House approval before it went out, and it certainly lacked the sound and sure touch that has characterized other Hoover moves in the field of international relations.

Speaking of international relations makes one think of the forthcoming London Conference, upon the successful outcome of which the Hoover inner circle counts so heavily to minimize the effect of any and all administration failures in Congress, and to nullify the savage attacks which will be made, from Progressive-Democratic sources, during this session and the Congressional campaign to follow. A few weeks ago, there was the strongest sort of confidence, in and about the White House, that nothing could prevent a concrete achievement for peace by real naval reduction at London. There is still considerable confidence, but it has recently been diluted by information about the French attitude. In effect, this information is that it would be very bad French domestic politics for the conference to succeed, that it would practically put Mr. Tardieu out of business, that the French have nothing to gain and everything to lose by a London agreement that will redound to the benefit of Hoover and MacDonald. That Washington diplomatic circles are completely cynical about anything real at the London conference, there is no room for doubt. A number of convincing reasons are given for this feeling, for which there is no space here, except to say that practically all are based on the alleged fact that the French interest is in sabotaging the London Conference and transferring the whole disarmament conversations to Geneva, where France, with her allies, is the most potent factor in the League. Assuming this to be the French strategy, I do not pretend to say how far they will be able to carry it out. There is, however, no question but that belief that the French will prove recalcitrant at London, to a greater degree than in Washington in 1921, is responsible for a noticeable diminution in the White House optimism. Nor are the administration prospects improved by the obvious fact that our whole delegation has been constructed with the idea of dealing with the British, rather than the French.

Altogether, it is plain to see the holidays will not be free from care for Herbert. There is no possibility of his getting his tariff bill by Christmas, and there is no real chance that the Senate situation will shape up more to his taste. On the contrary, there is every indication that any sort of functioning Republican majority in that body during the coming session is now more remote than before. The success of the coalition of Progressives and Democrats in taking control from the regulars, rewriting the Finance Committee tariff bill on the floor, and causing a demoralization of the regular Republican organization such as no one can recall in the past, has whetted their appetite, made them eager to go on. There is a question, of course, as to the ultimate political result of such a situation. On the administration side, it is contended that sentiment in the country is always favorable to the President in any controversy with the Senate; that that body is unpopular anyhow; and that the blocking of Mr. Hoover's program by an alliance largely made up of Democrats will not damage him at all. On the contrary, it is said that he will be strengthened with the people, and the coalition damaged. It is further claimed that popular sentiment, even among Democrats, has reacted favorably to the Hoover efforts to restore business confidence and stability. Particularly is the proposed tax reduction supposed to have added to his prestige with business, and it is argued that there is neither interest in nor reflection of the three-way split in the Republican party in the country, the people being still with Mr. Hoover. To all this, the answer is made that the people who were with Mr. Hoover still labor under the superman delusion; that it takes time to change the public mind, but that before summer, the inability of the superman to continue the Coolidge prosperity will create a popular disappointment which will accelerate his decay. All of which is interesting, but not necessarily prophetic.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A Wicked Great Lord

IT DOUBTLESS seems ungrateful to harry the Metropolitan about a Mozart production. We should be grateful for any chance to hear him, and we must thank the management for the chance. And yet that may not be so much of an argument: the crowd at the doors has been enormous and the risk would, therefore, seem to be slight. There is reason to think that even if the production had been good, the same thing would have happened, the sale of tickets and standing-room would be as great.

Perhaps, also, it is asking too much to expect to see Mozart done. The usual run of opera hardly prepares us for that: Mozart is somewhat off the regular track. And yet, looking at it another way, we might imagine that the richest country in the world could do just this sort of thing with its opera, this range in styles and schools, this possibility of cultural scope in music. This article, however, is not a review but only a note on two points regarding the Metropolitan that connect very well with the current revival of "Don Giovanni."

The first of these is the almost complete absence of any style in this production, at any angle of it. This arises partly from the lack of any good company of singers, from a policy at our opera house of a large repertory every season, and the consequent driving of the singers away from their best, and from a lack of any careful tradition. It arises partly, also, from a concession that is made to middle-class taste and middle-class ideas of art, nature and every-one-in-the-democracy's-right-to-a-good-time-and-the-same-sort-of-good-time.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is patently baroque art, with

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little of the directness of either primitive or earlier Renaissance music, and little of the naturalism and rather obvious drama of the opera of the last three generations. It is based on curves, it floreates into endless details in design with frequent units composed into set numbers that should be frankly taken as such. It has tragedy, if you like, but this tragedy is expressed in vibrant, sophisticated art, all lifted wholly into a pure musical medium. Within this medium, it is moving, it is delightful, it is complete; and, above all, it is free-flowing. It is a created region, all its qualities characteristic to itself and never realistically tragic, comic or anything else.

The story of "Don Giovanni," as everybody knows, goes back, if indirectly, to the old Spanish. It was then for the simple medievalisms of the sinner of that day, and was made up of raw narrative plus that Spanish combination, so familiar in their painting—Ribera, Zurbaran, Coello, for example—of crude naturalism and mystical glare. Molière was the first to force intelligence and social meaning into the story; and to give it the tang and implications of the world. If the seventeenth century when Molière wrote his "Don Juan" was sophisticated and at home in the world, what shall we say of the eighteenth, which was so urbane and rational that the world itself was exercised to be at home in it? "Don Giovanni," with all its marvel of invention and pure music and inexhaustible variety, and the breath-taking loveliness of the voices singing in it, is one of the summits—to use a phrase of Mozart's—of this eighteenth century. It has taste that is warmed by the right emotions, high spirits that are sustained by fertility; its tragedy is lyric, its comedy full of the *buffo* quality of the old commedia dell' arte. The style of a thing is the body of its soul, neither exists without the other; and not to know what its style is, is to miss half its meaning. The "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan is only a bourgeois and muddled approach, starred with patches of musical design, apparent here and there, sometimes beautiful and for the moment right, but oftener evaded, and done with a wretched degree of naturalness in the popular sense, meaning that you do not express Mozart's art according to its own nature but blur it up with what Wagner and Puccini have led us to think is ours. The whole occasion is like a young lady, deep, democratic and successful, who has had a great deal of Schubert and Reynaldo Hahn and is now giving us a natural version of Pergolesi. (I once heard an actor admired because he read Shakespeare so that you did not know it was verse.)

As for the diverse performances, some were more than fair. Mr. Ludikar, for example, in the highly traditional role of Leporello, knew a good deal about the Sganarelle-Mascarille-Frontin-Scapin-Crispin legend of rascally, devoted valets; and Miss Fleischer sang in the right style for Zerlina, though she was not always supported by Mr. Serafin's orchestra or the stage direction of her scenes, and was costumed in the platitudes of opera peasantry from the estates of Mascagni, Leoncavallo and other signori. Mr. Pinza, in a sort of public style, did very well with much of Don Juan. If he lacked the sinister distinction of the grandee he presents, that destroyer and seducer of life, we may say that Mozart himself would scarcely have cavilled on this point. But Mozart would have mourned the shortcoming of this Don Juan in elegance and aristocratic clarity and pride; the rakes of the movies had very much eased the Spanish magnificence of our hero. Mr. Gigli, resigned to a silvery, breathy tone, sang with a kind of frightened humility, if you like that, where Mozart's music opens out like springing flowers, petal on petal, fragrance, fresh resource. But it was at least to Mr. Gigli's credit that the music scared him. As for Madame Rethberg's Donna Elvira and Madame Corona's Donna Anna, they showed a certain mammoth attack and various private urgencies of emotion before which the fragile, perfect structures of Mozart's form had a most unequal chance. Even a few powdered wigs in the regular tradition, instead of those more friendly natural colors, would have moved us a little nearer to Mozart, and would have made more distinct some of those highly modern heads of the performers, just as a little more of a framing, conventional pause on Mr. Serafin's part would have brought some of the numbers closer to the completeness and special flourish intended for them.

This concession to the popular notion of what art is, is depressing. It is doubtless a way of being successful, partly that, at least; but it is partly unconscious, a matter of belonging culturally to the great public, seeing things as they do, and this is what is most hopeless and dangerous. If you want to convert a savage fisherman to your religion by turning your deity into his fish, that may be one form of missionary policy. The depressing part of it is that the more at home in Zion you make your fisherman, the more fish and less deity you promote. A wicked great lord is a terrible thing, Molière said in his "Don Juan," meaning that with all this lord's advantages of natural gifts, cultivation and position, his acts become more ominous—the Metropolitan Opera House, in the richest city in the world and with the richest supporters and box-holders, could be the source and laboratory of what significant and necessary things in art! It is anything but that.

This brings us to the second point. What an irony it is that the one place where, contrasted with ordinary theaters and enterprises, there is a superb opportunity—money, great works to produce, large audiences, and so on—should be the stalest! This second point applies especially, at the moment, to the décor that has been provided for Mozart's opera. Mr. Urban is the main designer at the Metropolitan season after season.

The settings for "Don Giovanni" are numerous: the courtyard of the commander's palace, for example; the ballroom, Donna Anna's oratory, Don Giovanni's banquet, with the visit of the statue, the flames from hell. These designs, of course, gain from their original sources. That is to say, they show Spanish vistas, castles and palaces, Spanish motives in doors, windows, architectural ornament. In the ballroom scene we have a highly effective decoration, the red walls with the huge patterns on them and the raised galleries for the musicians and the company. In the garden effects, the fountains, walks and seats of the famous Las Delicias have in themselves something that engages us. But except for the statue scene, which, with its blue dusk and cypresses and stone and Spanish past, is an easy game, and the ballroom—except for these two, which at that are merely fair—the scenes are platitude itself. No use is made of spaces, but only a constant attempt to evade them; and this is about the deadliest thing you could say

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of any stage design. The oratory, with its black cloths and so on, is banal beyond words, as well as *vieux jeu* in the saddest sense. And the banquet hall is a sad and fussy reminiscence. This sort of thing that Mr. Urban does is all the more puzzling in the light of the first work he did after coming to America a good many years ago, and that he still can do now and then in musical comedies and cabarets, where he can be both gifted and diverting. But this dull lavishness and expense at the Metropolitan, this middle-class mediocrity in style, taste and dramatic point, is lamentable.

The one place free to do fine things, then, does one flat production after another. And, meanwhile, such American designers as Mr. Robert Edmond Jones—whose "The Birthday of the Infanta" on the stage of the Chicago Opera, was so unforgettable, and whose "Macbeth" had the germ in it of a brilliant modern restatement of the whole theatrical décor—and Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes—whose Dante Model is one of the few high imaginative designs in the modern theater of the world—are left to do the settings, Mr. Jones—to take his worst—for "See Naples and Die"—bad, defeated, abandoned décor—and Mr. Geddes, with an affable absense of clutter, at least, and a space sense still extant—for "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

If the Metropolitan is not at present the great stronghold of the bourgeois in theatrical art, where are those thick and strong and placid walls to be found?

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Women and the New Styles

SIR: Do women want to return to long skirts, high waists and corsets? Perhaps some light may be thrown on this question by a resolution recently introduced in a convention of women representing a large and progressive organization. It read as follows:

> Whereas, women in attaining their enfranchisement and admission to public office, to the professions and to business, have also achieved a manner of dress that combines comfort, healthfulness and functional beauty, and
>
> Whereas, said manner of dress is now threatened by commercial interests which, in the expectation of greater profit through more rapid style-changes, are attempting to foist upon us the long skirt, tight waist and "feminine details," and
>
> Whereas, such style-changes will not only restrict the activity of women and add materially to the dress budget, but will consume time and attention, be injurious to health, and produce a psychology adverse to the further progress of women,
>
> Therefore, be it resolved, that the ———— Association declare its opposition to the movement to change women's dress in the direction of greater restriction and pledge itself to use its influence against the campaign of exploitation planned by the commercial style-interests.

This resolution was overwhelmingly defeated. One delegate said that just as the early suffragists had erred in confusing the emancipation of women with dress reform and had laid themselves open to ridicule by espousing the "ugly bloomer costume," so we should be ridiculed if we opposed the trailing skirt. Another said that long skirts were an economic necessity in view of the condition of business, and demanded of the author of the resolution, "Have you ever faced starvation?" A third denied that styles could be dictated. Another observed, "You don't look like the sort of person who would bring in a resolution like that. You look as if you would enjoy beautiful things."

What appeared to carry greatest weight was fear of ridicule. Less indignity seemed to be attached to accepting unwanted styles, than to promoting the question of dress to a serious place in discussion. "We have more important things to think of."

If this is a fair indication of the reasoning power of organized women, the interests back of the style-changes may well take heart.

RUTH MCINTIRE DADOURIAN.

Hartford, Conn.

Jews and Arabs in Palestine

SIR: Mr. Tredwell Smith, in his letter appearing in your issue of October 30, is tempted to "add a few pertinent facts on the Palestine problem which are not sufficiently well known in this country." Quite evidently. His statements are conclusive evidence of the existence of such misunderstandings.

He states that the "fundamental cause of the recent tragic race-riots in the Holy Land is Arab alarm at an aggravated movement of immigration, and can readily be understood in terms of immigration problems anywhere." Can it? The generally accepted theory is that restrictions of immigration is based upon the desire to protect the natives from those accustomed to a lower standard of living, or overpopulation. Neither of these justifications applies to conditions as they obtain in Palestine.

The famous Balfour Declaration, far from being an "arbitrary disposal of the future of Palestine without its inhabitants' consent," was based upon the weightiest and most conclusive of reasons as adduced by the best thought and information of the whole civilized world. It would require too much space and be idle to rehash that now. Suffice it to say, that a good part of the world was parceled out after the War without the "inhabitants' consent." And so far as Palestine is concerned, it must be conceded that Emir Feisal (now King of Irak) spoke more authoritatively on Arabic aspirations than does Mr. Smith. Feisal, who was in Paris in the spring of 1919, for the purpose of submitting the Arab claims to the Peace Conference, wrote under date of March 1, 1919:

> Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best insofar as we are concerned to help them through.

I am not so sure that it is a "fact" that the Palestinian Arab classes shared "in creating the brilliant Arabic civilization." And whatever other "facts" Mr. Smith solely may possess, the world at large is apparently ignorant that the Arabic leaders, even though now no longer "thwarted by decadent Turkish imperialism" are prepared for a great advance. . . . It is generally admitted that the Jewish settlements are the chief reliance for the economic and cultural progress of Palestine. Palestine is no more a part of the Arab world—whatever that may mean—than Georgia is a part of the Methodist world.

He states further that "nowhere else in the wide world is it seriously proposed to nail open the entrance of a historic country against the people's consent and . . . transform its landscape, its institutions, its language, its culture and its religious traditions while its people watch helpless." No? Possibly Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia are not a part of Mr. Smith's world. Just these things are being proposed quite seriously—and done.

The *reductio ad absurdum* is reached when Mr. Smith suggests the introduction of a peculiar brand of statesmanship to arrive at an agreement on ultimate figures of immigration. Since a 10 percent immigration has, according to his "facts," caused so acute an immigration problem, what would his suggested 40 percent do? Since agreement involves voluntary consent, what if the Arabs do not agree to such an enlargement program—or any immigration program at all? What then?

Jewish blood and sacrifice were staked quite as much as Arabic in throwing off the yoke of "decadent Turkish imperialism." It is a matter of fact, and of record, that the Palestinian Arabs did not revolt against Ottoman rule. The Arabs of Transjordania and Irak rebelled, and the Peace Conference allotted these two lands to the Arabs as homelands. They have not been, and are

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not now, being deprived of a thing. Nor is it intended to deprive the Arabs of a single right or a single thing.

Baltimore, Md. ELI H. HORWITZ.

Cash for Gridiron Heroes

SIR: Mr. Raymond Summer's article on college football in The New Republic interests me as much as anything I have read for a long while. But, in spite of the fact that in an ideal college, as I conceive it, athletic sports would be intra-mural only, I do think that a majority of the persons who have become excited over corruption in college football are a little naïve; or else they have lost their sense of proportion to a certain degree.

Being a woman, I have never played football; and I have never known very well anyone who did play it. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the game and its effect on college men. However, so long as the public attitude toward football remains what it is, I really do not see how college alumni can be justly blamed for subsidizing students, even when it is understood that those students are attending college primarily to play football.

For the general public estimate of college loyalty today is simply devotion to a football team. And the average college alumnus, with a false sense of values gathered through four years' devotion to that same team as an undergraduate, can hardly be expected to show college loyalty in any more effective way than by supporting athletes at his own expense. It need hardly be said that he nearly always does support them with the firm conviction that he is doing a perfectly honest thing; and sometimes he feels that he is showing a delicate sense of honor into the bargain. I do not deny that such a practice may be corrupt, but it is foolish to attempt to stop it by rules when it obviously cannot be controlled except through public opinion. I am very sure that public opinion at present favors at least semi-professionalism in college athletics.

I believe that it would be a very good thing for football, and for college generally, if players were paid for the services they give. They deserve a reasonable return in money for the work they do, and when they do not get it they are being very decidedly exploited for the material benefit of their colleges. If college football teams should openly bid for players, as baseball clubs do now, a great deal of the silly excitement attending football games would die down.

The best argument I can think of in favor of professional college football is simply this: If football men were paid for their work, colleges would come very soon to the desirable state of mind where they would be willing to decide whether they wished to be merely adjuncts to athletic clubs or genuine schools for serious students. They would then be divided into super-kindergartens, of which Dean Max McConn speaks, and colleges for men and women who wished to get their bearings in the modern world of knowledge.

Too few colleges and universities now are able to decide what is their chief mission. In the golden age to come, when professional football has been openly avowed, we shall not have to see a race—or a football game—between the college which claims to choose its students chiefly on the basis of their intellectual distinction, but which tries by hook or crook to turn out winning football teams each year, and the college which quite frankly lures men and women with the promise of easy courses and the glory of a reputation for athletic prowess.

Santa Paula, Calif. LOUISE DAVIES.

The Need for the Lobbyist

SIR: The lobby investigation conducted by Senator Caraway for the Judiciary Committee of the Senate has brought forth a sidelight on democratic government which it is vital for all students of government to examine. There is a tendency to overlook the fundamental significance of the lobby in the maze of detail concerning the machinations of certain manufacturing groups in connection with the tariff. While it is regrettable that some of our representatives at Washington have succumbed to the insidious influence of some private interests, we must not pass over the results of the investigation by merely concluding that it shows once more how "big business" controls our political destiny.

The real significance of the investigation appears to the present writer to lie in showing that the system of representation provided by our constitution is inadequate, and that our failure to recognize this sooner has resulted in the formation of a new, informal and extra-legal system. In addition to the geographic representation, we have today a functional representation. The insistence of the old system that proximity of residence, rather than similarity of class, occupation or creed is the basis for community of interest, has made necessary the evolution of a means which permits those having a common economic, social, political or religious outlook to pool their forces to obtain governmental action in their own interest.

The geographic basis upon which both Senators and Congressmen are elected assumes that the blacksmiths, brokers, housewives and teachers of New York or California (or of congressional districts within these states) have enough in common to warrant their being represented by the same man or men. The lobby, on the other hand, supposes that the blacksmiths of New York, California, Delaware and Idaho, have a special community of interest, as have the brokers, housewives or teachers, respectively, of these same states, and that this group interest demands a special system of representation. There is enough to be said for the geographic system of representation to retain it as a part of our structure of political organization. But the functional basis is equally of such importance that it must be retained in one way or another. The lobby is a form which it takes today.

That the lobby, especially in the methods which it has employed since the Civil War, has often been a bad influence in American politics, no one will deny. But we must remember that the political parties of today developed informally, extra-legally, and that they often presented pictures, when in action, which made friends of democracy despair of all hopes of honest government. Just as our remedy for that situation lay in an acceptance of the new institution, accompanied by regulation and publicity, so in the case of the lobby, we must accept it and provide means for its regulation. Indeed, the problem of the lobby is not one of abolishing or even condemning it, but rather of making it into a recognized and controlled unit in our democratic system of government.

WALTER H. C. LAVES.

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

The New York Urban League

SIR: I am sure your New York readers know of the New York Urban League. One appreciation said of it, "The League tries a broad grasp with meager finances and small personnel. It is seeking almost to make bricks without straw. Its job is herculean, except that Hercules could not have done it."

The League has just had a drive to increase its fund and its membership, in order that it may better serve the people of Harlem. It needs both funds and members. Its budget is $50,000, and this ought to be doubled. It has never charged for its services, and it has served right royally. Here is an opportunity for New York's public-spirited citizens to turn to and help in a fine and much-needed civic service. The League's address is 202-6 West 136th Street, New York City.

New York City. BLANCHE W. JACKSON.

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JONATHAN MITCHELL is a former newspaper reporter and foreign correspondent.

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The list of contributors to the Literary Section will be found on page 124 of that section.

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The New REPUBLIC

Spring Literary Section

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Edison and Steinmetz: Medicine Men

Edison, His Life and Inventions, by Frank Lewis Dyer, Thomas Cummerford Martin and William Henry Meadowcroft. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 1036 pages. $10.

Loki: The Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz, by Jonathan Norton Leonard. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 291 pages. $2.75.

Forty Years with General Electric, by John T. Broderick. Fort Orange Press. 218 pages. $2.50.

THE book on Edison is the old-fashioned perfunctory two-volume life, evidently first published about 1910 and now revamped. In spite of much meaningless bombast and chapters so badly written that they convey no idea whatsoever, it has a full account of Edison's inventions, and contains much information (a little too much on the Horatio Alger side, perhaps) about Edison's early life that should be interesting to anybody who wants to know about the personalities that created the world we live in today.

"Loki" is the up-to-date version of the same sort of thing. It attempts to be pithy and epigrammatic and to have the fashionable air that now seems to be considered necessary in biographies. The book contains some extremely interesting photographs that make it almost worth owning, and are infinitely more informative than the text. A good deal of time is spent in glossing over Steinmetz's eccentricities, of which Socialism seems to have been the most sinful and glaring.

"Forty Years with General Electric" is as uninstructive as a book could well be. Still, the report of several conversations with Steinmetz gives it a certain historical value.

If the foregoing paragraphs seem grouchy and impertinent, it is due to the bitterness of a great many futile hours spent grubbing in the literature of the last fifty years of American industrial development. You have to read these books to believe how muddle-headed, ill-written and flatly meaningless they can be. You'd think that any youngster in a high-school composition course could do better with the material in hand.

For one thing, the writing was usually left to hired hacks and publicity men. The people who were actually doing the work had no time and no inclination to put themselves down on paper. But even if they had, I doubt if the result would have been very different. The men who counted in our national development during the last half-century seem hardly to have used the analytic or coordinating centers of their brains at all. They carried practicality to a point verging on lunacy.

Thomas Edison, who played the lead the other day in that amazing charade at Dearborn, where in the presence of Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Schwab and Mr. Otto Kahn, and the regimented microphones of the world, he reconstituted the incandescent lamp as he had first built it at Menlo Park fifty years ago, is one of the two or three individuals most responsible for the sort of world we live in today. It would be more exact to say that thousands of men of the Ford and the Edison type are its builders. Politicians made more noise, financiers and industrial organizers and bankers got more personal power and ate bigger dinners, but it was

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the practical mechanics who were rebuilding the city the capitalists lived in while they blustered and gambled with the results of other men's labor. When you think that Edison was partially or exclusively connected with putting on the market the stock ticker, the phonograph, the moving picture camera, the loud-speaker and microphone that make radio possible, electric locomotives, vacuum electric lamps, storage batteries, multiple transmission over the telegraph, cement burners, it becomes obvious that there is no aspect of our life not influenced by his work and by the work of men like him. Reading his life, you feel that he never for a moment allowed himself to envisage the importance of the changes in the organization of human life that his inventions were to bring about. And he would have resented it if anyone had suggested to him that his work would destroy homes, wreck morals, and help end the individual toiler's world he was brought up in. Henry Ford, less the mechanic and more the organizer, seems equally unconcerned with the results of his work in human terms. The newspaper accounts of the goings-on at Dearborn at the jubilee of the incandescent lamp, the press statements and the kittenish skipping-about in the limelight of all involved, make that appallingly clear. These men are like the sorcerer's apprentice who loosed the goblins and the wonder-working broomsticks in his master's shop and then forgot what the formula was to control them by.

I don't mean to minimize their achievements, which are among the greatest in history.

Good writing is the reflection of an intense and organized viewpoint towards something, usually towards the values and processes of human life. The fact that the writing that emanates even from such a powerful institution as General Electric is so childish is a measure of proof that the men directing it are muddled and unclear about their human aims. They know in a vague sort of way that they want to make money and to make good; most of them want to play the game according to the rules of their time and not to be a worse son-of-a-bitch than the next man, but the problem of the readjustment of human values necessary to fit their world is the last thing they think about. I suppose they would say it was none of their business.

That is why the little crumpled figure of Steinmetz stands out with such extraordinary dignity against this background of practical organizers, rule-of-thumb inventors, patent-office quibblers. Steinmetz felt every moment what his work meant in the terms of the ordinary human being.

Steinmetz was a hunchback, the son of a hunchback, a railroad lithographer in Breslau. He was born in 1865, and grew up under the pressure of the Bismarck steam-roller that was grinding down the jumble of cities, states, nationalities, idealistic creeds and caste prejudices that was Germany, into a smoothly integrated empire for his masters, the Hohenzollerns. Steinmetz was a bright boy; mathematics for him was a compensation for poverty, for being deformed, for being a member of the under-dog class in the university. It was a closed garden, free from corruption and death as the New Jerusalem of the early Christians, where he was absolute god and master. If he'd been a less warm-blooded man, that would have been enough, but he wanted real life, too. So it was inevitable that he should become a social revolutionist. Chased out of Breslau, he fled across the border to Zurich; there he studied at the Politechnik and shook up the institution considerably with his ideas about electricity. He met a young Dane named Asmussen and with him came to America, in the flood-tide of European immigration to the Promised Land, in the days when men used to fall on their knees and kiss the soil of liberty when they landed in Castle Garden. He had the good luck to get a job with Rudolf Eichemeyer, who was an old German forty-eighter, electrical theorist and practical inventor, who had a plant in Yonkers for building dynamos and hat-making machinery. From then on, Steinmetz had no life outside of the laboratory—when General Electric bought out Eichemeyer, Steinmetz went along with the rest of the apparatus, first to Lynn and then to Schenectady.

At Schenectady for many years he was the bad boy of G. E. The directors of that organization soon realized that apart from enormous value as a technician, Steinmetz was a publicity asset. So the Sunday papers were filled with his gila monsters and his cactus plants and his unconventional ideas on various subjects, and they let him teach and talk Socialism and even write offering his services to Lenin. He was the little parlor-magician who made toy thunderstorms for the reporters and took dignitaries out to his summer camp and dumped them out of his canoe with all their clothes on. It was largely his work with the mathematics of electricity that made the large-scale use of alternating current possible and the use of high-tension electricity safe and easy. The transformers you see hunched in their little gabled houses along the lines of high-tension wires are all monuments to Steinmetz's formulas. The officials of G. E. had the attitude of Edison, who when he was asked whether he'd ever studied mathematics, said "No . . . I can hire a mathematician any time, but the mathematicians can't hire me." G. E. had hired its mathematician, and it was a funny, rare little animal and had to be allowed to range a good deal to be kept happy and contented.

Finally, he wore out and died. If he'd been living, he'd probably have been at Dearborn with his toy thunderstorm, grinning in the limelight with the rest of the grand old men.

On the whole, it's fitting that he should not have been there. Edison, Ford, Firestone have cashed in gigantically on the machine. They have achieved a power and a success undreamed of by Tamerlane or Caesar. America has cashed in gigantically on the machine, has attained in these fifty years since the day when Edison—having tried everything, even a red hair out of a Scotchman's beard, finally settled on the paper carbon filament for the electric light bulb—a degree of wealth and prosperity absolutely new in history. Steinmetz was not of the temperament to cash in on anything.

Reading Hammond's life and Leonard's and the various notes and articles published about Steinmetz since his death, you feel more and more that the men around him were not of the caliber to understand and appreciate him. They thought of him as a pet oddity and let it go at that. He was a man of a different race, the race of those who do not cash in. The average European view is that America does not produce first-rate men—men who do not cash in. We had Franklin and Jefferson, but that's a long time ago. In the great industrial parades of our day, it is the cashers-in who are at the wheel. Are the Europeans right?

That brings me to the preachment I started in with. The woods are full of young men who have enough sense of human value, who have in their veins enough of the blood of those who don't cash in, to be pretty good writers; it seems a shame that instead of picking up the easy garbage of European belletristic small-talk, they don't try harder to worm their way in among the really compelling events and personalities that are molding lives.

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It's about time that American writers showed up in the industrial field where something is really going on, instead of tackling the tattered strawmen of art and culture.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

Virginia Woolf on Women

A Room of One's Own, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 199 pages. $2.

MRS. WOOLF has brought together and expanded in "A Room of One's Own" two papers on Women and Fiction read by her to the Arts Society at Newnham and to the Odtaa at Girton.

Her argument, shorn of the alternately loose and caught-back style, the point-to-point method which she has perfected—like the technique of a moving camera, that projects the argument through space and time, as it develops, by means of such phrases as "I thought, opening the door," or "I repeated, standing under the colonnade among the pigeons and the prehistoric canoes"—is this: Women have always been busy and poor. They have had children, households and husbands to tend. Their money, when it existed at all, was, up to a short time ago, under the control of their male relatives. They have had, at best, imperfect educations; they have been oppressed by the weight of social decorum and by the fantastic legend of their mental inferiority. In English literature, throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, while men by the hundreds became as articulate as mating birds, not a creative female voice was heard. Woman appears in literature in every form, from the Wife of Bath to Lady Macbeth. "Imaginatively, she is of the highest importance; practically, she is completely insignificant. She pervades poetry from cover to cover; she is all but absent from history." Women of the middle class for centuries had nothing to say for themselves at first hand—not a poem, not a letter. The first women to break the silence shrouding their sex were women belonging to the privileged classes: Lady Winchilsea, and Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. Later, Aphra Behn made a break in tradition, and earned her living by her plays and her wits, at the expense, it is true, of that man-treasured ornament, her moral character. The late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries brought in women who, surprisingly enough, took as their own the new medium of the novel. Three or four isolated spinsters living in the bosom of their families dropped the slavish imitation of men's minds and learning that characterized the blue-stocking, and, looking at the limited scene about them, wrote it down in feminine terms. Fanny Burney was the link between the woman as wit and the woman as creator. She was followed by Jane Austen, the Brontës and Marian Evans, that spinster who dared to live in social obloquy with another woman's husband.

Meanwhile, as before, men ranged freely. They lived in laboratories, counting-houses, jungles: empire-building, money-getting, the classification of data, the tools of the arts and sciences, were still in their hands. They wrote epics, histories and dissertations; they drank good wine, smoked good tobacco and met in clubs outside the family circle to exchange masculine experiences and opinions. Women, however, after the industrial revolution, appeared in large numbers as wage-earners. Mid-Victorian women wrote poetry, and this astonishing and unheard-of development, like the three-headed calf that presages the downfall of an empire, was followed by the untoward spectacle of women in control of their own money, and, after a great war, women enfranchised and free to enter masculine professions.

Mrs. Woolf is not content with giving the mere historical background of women's final emergence as writers. From her point of view, their emancipation is still far from complete. They are hampered in the present as in the past by interruptions, and financial dependence. A room of one's own is the symbol of the solitude and leisure necessary for any creative work. The talented woman is still very often the nexus of a family. She has not yet appropriated the full benefits of man's mysterious and glorious solitudes, those libraries and "studies" sacred in masculine tradition. Moreover, she can be hampered by conscious or subconscious dependence on purely masculine criteria—those often far from dispassionate reasons that men give for women's failure to attain distinction in many of the arts. Mrs. Woolf's chief exhortation is that woman break completely with the man-mirroring function that has been hers for so long, and in turn examine masculine concepts and reasoning. As the shelves are empty of women's epics, tragedies and the critical examinations of men, so are they full of men's volumes dedicated to investigations of, and opinions on, women.

Mrs. Woolf slyly places as a slight explosive under one typically masculine attitude toward women's creative and imaginative powers—an attitude that stems, it is to be deduced reluctantly, from pomposity and even fear—her acceptance of Coleridge's theory of the androgynous mind. Men, she says, who create with the male, assertive side of their mind and nature alone, must lose depth and power of suggestion; their work, to the sensitive reader, appears incomplete and immature. For, according to Mrs. Woolf, it is the androgynous mind alone that is at once "resonant and porous, that transmits emotion without impediment, that is naturally creative, incandescent, undivided." Shakespeare had such a mind, "Keats, Cowper, Lamb, Coleridge, Proust." Such minds do not lean too hard upon arid intellectual processes, but have the leaven of feminine wit and (invidious term!) intuition within them.

Women, then, Mrs. Woolf remarks in conclusion, should cherish no hatreds for their own sex (for women notoriously dislike and misunderstand other women), or their brothers'. They should write themselves and their observations down calmly and completely, and not waste the substance of their talents in fears, discriminations and hatreds. They should look upon reality with that fixity, that wit, that honorable justness of proportion, which can be so char-artistically female, not hesitating to state what, as women, they feel on any subject, and passing over as not to the point any ponderous masculine judgment passed upon them. For if women's work in fiction, and in literature in general, has, up to the present, been marred by touches of hysteria and sentimentality, it must be remembered that, as opposed to men's work in literature, as in any other field, there are fewer examples of it. Women, one might add, urged, as Mrs. Woolf urges them, to solid work in literature, philosophy, history and the sciences, need not worry about hysterical lapses in the presentation of their findings, if they look critically at the hysteria implicit in Rousseau's passion for social reform, Shelley's poetry, Novalis' mysticism, Schopenhauer's philosophy and the terrific compensatory historical bias of Carlyle. They may trust that their work will in time and through travail become increasingly perfect and whole, and enter into a full period of production, free at once of their former bitterness in subjection, and of their present rather tiresome gestures of romantic escape.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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The Double Mistress

The Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford, edited by the Marquis of Zetland. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 2 vols. 836 pages. $10.

THE CAREER of Benjamin Disraeli falls into a succession of phases, each marked by a quality of extravagance which rises into the fantastic. The first is the phase of adventure in society, of speculation in men, women, politics and stocks, which was recorded in "Vivian Grey." There followed the period of serious politics based on social needs, of which "Sybil" was the outcome. Then came the years of adventure politics, during which Disraeli overthrew Sir Robert Peel, and exiled him and his followers, while he slowly refashioned the Tory party, and forced the country to accept, for brief periods, its rule. The Reform Bill of 1867 is the chief memorial of these years of political legerdemain. And finally, at seventy, he came into genuine power for the first time, with a secure majority behind him and Europe ready to bow before him. And to add the touch of the fantastic, the old Premier who, with pseudo-Elizabethan gallantry had revived the tradition of personal service to his sovereign, fell in love with two ladies of great state both by birth and marriage, Selina, Countess of Bradford, and Anne, Countess of Chesterfield. They were sisters, though Selina was twenty years the younger. Disraeli had known them both as daughters of Lord Forester, and in 1873, the year after the death of Lady Beaconsfield, he renewed the acquaintance. Henceforward for eight years he wrote to them constantly, visited Lady Chesterfield at Bretby and Lady Bradford at Weston, and could not be satisfied without seeing the latter, when she was in London, at least once a day. Lady Chesterfield was a widow, and to her Disraeli proposed marriage. It must have cost her much to refuse. In the absence of her letters, we can easily conjecture that she adored Disraeli and surrounded him with a prodigality of tender thoughts and cares. Many of his letters to her are thanks for presents of flowers, fruit and game. But it was Selina whom he loved with passion, and who made him suffer. What she felt for Disraeli is likewise a matter of conjecture, but it is clear that she could not return his devotion in kind. One would give much to know exactly how she did feel—awed by the leader of her party whom her brothers, husband and sons called chief? fascinated by the confidences of the arbiter of Europe? flattered by her position as acknowledged favorite? stimulated by the wit and malice of a brilliant mind? Or a little repelled by this alien charm? a little bored by the romance which made such demands on her time and upset her plans? more than a little troubled by the fear of being compromised in her Victorian world by a passion which threatened to defy convention? One-half of each story is untold. All that we see is the Prime Minister of England, constantly driven to drop affairs of state, to write daily missives, sometimes on his hat in a stormy House of Commons, to send them by official messengers, to organize mail services, to devise social expedients by which to meet his beloved and avoid places where she was not, and above all to entreat interviews beyond the quota to which she had prudently rationed him. No mere statement can do justice to the situation. The psychological implications which hang about it cry out for a novel, by the hand which wrote "The Tragic Comedians."

The interest of these letters is almost exclusively personal. They cover the period from the beginning of the emergence of the Tories from their eclipse by Gladstone's great ministry, through the triumphant general election of 1874, the burst of imperialism marked by the purchase of the shares in the Suez Canal and the assumption by the Queen of the title of Empress of India, the reopening of the Eastern Question by the Bulgarian massacres, the threat of war with Russia, the grand parade of Peace with Honor at Berlin, to the defeat of the Tories in 1880, and yet they add little to our knowledge of these matters. Disraeli gives the impression always of using the light touch in politics. Even with Russia at the gates of Constantinople, Gladstone aiding her by rousing the country against Turkey, and Lords Derby, Salisbury and Carnavon threatening to resign from the ministry, Disraeli continued to hold his imperturbable way. This aplomb is amazing when we remember the eager, ardent youth who wrote "Vivian Grey." It came partly from long experience and partly from weariness; it was, no doubt, also the result of Disraeli's study of the great role of British statesman, which he learned to play from Castlereagh, from Melbourne, from Palmerston, a role which depends for its effect on a fine indifference, verging on contempt. It was to this aristocratic English *je m'en fichisme* that Disraeli schooled the passion and ambition and romance that were inherent in his temperament. And if we feel that the part is slightly overacted, there is no doubt that in playing it Disraeli presented himself to Lady Bradford as the type of British statesmen whom she recognized as being perfectly in the great tradition and the grand manner.

Indeed, it is clear that Disraeli's constant preoccupation was to commend himself to his lady, as he did to his Queen, by all the devices of the courtier. He was an artful suitor. He recognized her interest in politics by keeping her abreast of important affairs, and sometimes a little ahead of them, but when he adjured her most solemnly to secrecy he had usually trusted her only a day ahead of the newspapers. On the other hand, he supplied her with small gossip, personalities of sorts, with which to entertain her house parties. There is constant reference to one phase of the Prime Minister's duty, the award of honors. There was doubtless something peculiarly agreeable to both Disraeli's romanticism and his cynicism in seeing the proud aristocracy whom he had come to lead, bowing about his footstool, begging for stars and ribbons, garters and thistles, miters and peerages. When Disraeli's father, old Isaac, read one of his son's youthful tales, he exclaimed testily, "What does our Ben know about Dukes?" If the Premier recalled this gibe he had the satisfaction of reflecting that he had come to know a good deal about dukes, including how they are made. But it was especially in his appearance before Lady Bradford that this function was grateful to him. It enhanced his splendor in her eyes: it enabled him to provide her with a little stock of secrets, intriguing, flattering and comparatively harmless; it opened a sphere in which she could feel her influence subtly at work. Immediately on accession to power, Disraeli made Lord Bradford Master of the Horse, by which title he frequently referred to him. In his first year of office, he wrote to Lady Bradford with a characteristic blending of malice toward others and deference to her:

> Burghley has just written up that he resigns his post, Captain of the Pensioners, Beef-eaters or something. His honor, he feels, demands it. He had been brooding over his honor since the spring. However, I have taken him at his word and the place is vacant. It is a good one. To whom shall we give it? My impression is, but I should like to hear from you about it, to Lord Shrewsbury. He has been most faithful and is most disaffected. Certainly, when the

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> Government was formed, he wrote me a letter to apprise me that, though wanting a great deal, he would not take a place in the Household (except, I suppose, Master of ye Horse): but then he was unusually mad and wanted me to make him Duke of Shrewsbury—a revival of a title once in the Talbots. But affairs are much changed since then. The government is very strong, and I fancy the Shrewsburys, particularly my lady, rather hungry. I fancy they would like to come into the feast. If so, I should have provided for one I wish to oblige and who had claims like Londonderry; whom I quieted with the St. Patrick.

In a postscript he informed Lady Bradford (is it with a sneer?) that "Lord Exeter is delighted with being made Custos of the Soke of Peterborough." At times, there is in his manner an insolence which reminds one of what Swift, in his day of power, wrote to Stella: "I have got a Garter; a Thistle; and two Lord Lieutenancies vacant. I won't fill them in a hurry—I will see how people behave." He did not conceal from Lady Bradford his pleasure in this function. "It is affectation to talk of the bore and bother of patronage and all that. The sense of power is delightful. It is amusing to receive the letters I do, especially since Deaneries were in the market. I had no idea that I was the object of so much esteem, confidence, public and private, and respectful affection." "And what is the use of Power," he wrote elsewhere, "if you don't make people do what they don't like?" One attitude of the traditional English noble he had caught to perfection, that toward the clergy. The business of making bishops always moved him to mirth, and sometimes to regret. "A long dreary sermon from the Bishop of London made me bitterly repent I had placed a miter on his head." Toward honors for himself he was grandly indifferent. When the Queen wanted him to take the Garter he wrote that one doesn't bribe one's self; and his translation to the peerage passed almost without comment. Possibly he suspected that Lord Beaconsfield would suggest comparisons, while Mr. Disraeli was *hors concours*.

But in other matters also we find Disraeli the artful, if ardent, suitor. He was assiduous in following and advancing the fortunes of the husband and sons of the house. He was appreciative (not extravagantly) of the charm of the daughters and daughters-in-law, and loved the grandchildren, one of whom was his godchild. He manifested a close interest in the fortunes of Lord Bradford's horses, put up his own money and shared in triumph or defeat. In no respect does Disraeli's adroitness appear more strikingly than in his division of feeling between the two sisters. The relation with Lady Chesterfield was at times onerous. "I have the greatest affection for your sister," he wrote to Lady Bradford, "and wish to do everything at this moment to sustain her—but the tax of writing to her, and so often, is almost too much. But I do, and will do it, because I know it pleases you."

In another character Disraeli sought to impose himself upon Lady Bradford, that is, as a man of letters. There had been a considerable revival of interest in his early novels following the appearance of "Lothair," and Lady Bradford was caught in the web of conversation about them. Disraeli was pleased to hear that she was reading "Contarini Fleming," and proceeded to give suggestions about the others. "'Alroy,' or if you don't like it, why not 'Henrietta.'" A source of contemporary interest in Disraeli's novels was the abundant portraiture of living characters. He actually revived the *roman à clef*. But we find him gravely explaining: "When I write, I never introduce photographs of any living character, though it is impossible, when dealing with human nature, not to appropriate some human traits." Yet in the same letter he casually refers to the Marquis of Bute by the name Lothair, which he had made famous. Of his earliest books, so remote from his present mood, he has nothing good to say. "I am ashamed of 'Vivian Grey' and the 'Young Duke,' and wish I could have suppressed them. They are too puerile." But there is a note of wistfulness in his commendation of the rest to Lady Bradford's care. "I hope, now and then, you will go on looking at my works. An author should no more talk of his books than a parent of her children. And not even to you would I ever have mentioned the subject had not you originated it. Now I feel there is another tie between us, the absence of which I sometimes deplored. My works are my life. They are all written from my own feelings and experience except, perhaps, the somewhat puerile frivolity that is now amusing you." ["The Young Duke."] Perhaps he expected his novels to be more than a mere tie—a romantic incitement, a Galeotto. "When you read 'Venetia,'" he wrote, "you will see what it is for a woman to have a man of imagination for her lover."

That Disraeli should have become in fact the lover, or Lady Bradford the mistress, seems inconceivable from the tone of the letters. The writer is full of a great weariness, oppressed by business, shattered by sickness. His gaiety falls into an elegiac strain, as when he finds himself in a village named Hindon, and recalls that before the Reform Bill it sent two members to Parliament and he was negotiating to become one of them for £1,000—"having at that time no other income but a little pocket-money from my Father." The autumnal mood, however, gave dignity to his suit, and kept it from becoming what Lady Bradford feared, ridiculous. And Disraeli used the pathos of his life as adroitly as he used its glory. When Lady Bradford questioned his persistence in using stationery heavily bordered with black, long after Lady Beaconsfield's death, he replied, "I lost one who was literally devoted to me—though I was not altogether worthy of her devotion. And when I have been on the point sometimes of terminating this emblem of my bereavement, the thought that there was no longer any being in the world to whom I was an object of concentrated feeling overcame me and the sign remained." He had "indulged once or twice in a wild thought that it might be otherwise—but vainly." "I gave you feelings you could not return. It was not your fault; my fate and my misfortune." This is the last word of a story of love and glory for whose equal we have to turn back to Swift's "Journal to Stella."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

War Guilt in Jazz Time

July, '14, by Emil Ludwig. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 348 pages. $3.50.

AFTER having furnished us with biographies of Bismarck, the Kaiser, Napoleon and Goethe, as well as character studies of various historic figures, partly history, partly romance, but always interesting, Emil Ludwig has now given proof of his versatility by bringing out a detailed work on the immediate responsibility for the World War.

To the scholar, the following excerpt from the preface would suffice to reveal both the character of the book and the scholarship of the author:

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> As early as 1921, when I wrote this book and sent it to the printers, four years before my biography of the Kaiser, the whole story could be read plainly from the documents. Nevertheless I had the type distributed, feeling that the political parties in Germany, still staggering under the effects of the War, could not yet be expected to take a non-party view. Since that date I have been through the manuscript repeatedly to keep it abreast of the latest research, including the British Documents, but I have found little to correct or add.

Although Herr Ludwig may not be aware of the fact, more devastating self-condemnation of a book could scarcely be possible. Though most of the important evidence bearing on the responsibility of the powers outside of Germany and Austria, and indirectly on that of the latter states, has appeared since 1921, the author says that this material has not forced any significant revision of his text. The reader may draw either of the two inevitable conclusions.

In the period since January, 1921, we have learned of the responsibility of Serbia for the murder of the Archduke. Until we possessed this, a judgment on the responsibility for the World War would be not unlike an opinion on the causes of the Spanish-American War which overlooked entirely the sinking of the *Maine*. We have discovered the falsifications of the Russian Orange Book and have had placed at our disposal the disarmingly frank memorandum of General Dobrorolski on the Russian military measures after July 24, 1914. Baron Schilling's diary has given us detailed knowledge of the sequence of many of the military and diplomatic events in Russia. Sazonov's memoirs have proved that the Russian Foreign Minister could make no defense of his policy beyond showing its consistency with Russia's desire to get the Straits. Demartial has exposed the unbelievable forgeries in the French Yellow Book, and Poincaré's lame apology has made it clear how impossible it is for the French leaders of 1914 to defend the thesis that their actions were in harmony with considerations of peace and self-defense. The British Documents and Lord Morley's memorandum have set before us the British responsibility and confirmed the Revisionist picture of Franco-Russian aggression. Along with Lutz's study of Grey's policy, they have revealed the utterly untenable nature of Grey's apologetic memoirs. This is only a part of the source material which has come out since 1921, and still Ludwig did not find it relevant to his narrative and analysis. We have said almost nothing of the long string of biographies and monographs which have come along in a steady stream since 1921.

Not only has Ludwig failed to make use of a vast mass of new documentary material; he has naturally been led astray by relying on the early falsifications. He falls into the old error of holding that the Russian generals disobeyed the Tsar on July 29th in failing to hold up the general mobilization order, and he cites the forged Bavarian documents which represent Moltke as confident and warlike in the summer of 1914. Many other slips of a similar nature occur.

The underlying thesis of the book is that the masses did not desire war at all, but were ruthlessly led to the slaughter by irresponsible, reckless and conscienceless statesmen. It is true that the populace in Europe in 1914 possessed, to use Demartial's phrase, about as much knowledge of the facts in the crisis as a chicken in a bag. Yet the people followed the bellicose decisions of their diplomats with enthusiasm. Professor J. F. Scott has shown that there is much to be said for the opposite of Ludwig's thesis, namely that the popular mob, inflamed by the newspapers, forced unwilling diplomats into decisive action. The truth lies between these two extreme interpretations, varying somewhat according to the country. Ludwig's contention is not without some foundation, but he overworks it and dramatizes it to an absurd degree.

The great defect of the book is that which is inherent in Ludwig's literary and historical technique. He is interested in vividness, color and high-lights, at whatever cost of strict historical accuracy. This has marred his earlier books, but it is especially deadly in a work on the precise and technical issues of the crisis of 1914. On matters such as the motives of Napoleon, the loves of Goethe, the statesmanship of Bismarck or the complexes of the Kaiser, where it is mainly a matter of opinion and interpretation and where one man's guess is about as good as another's, Ludwig's imaginative technique may work fairly well. It certainly entertains us, even though it may at times mislead us.

But a study of the diplomacy of 1914 is a highly technical and exacting exercise in diplomatic history. It is a task which calls for painstaking unraveling of a vast body of documentary evidence. The facts which are revealed by these documents are what must guide the historian who would reconstruct the history of the period. He cannot rely upon his imagination. With Ludwig, the process is the reverse. Imagination, dramatization, local color and the like are basic, and the facts are only noted when useful for illustration. Facts which might invalidate pages of imaginative reconstruction are ignored when they are not apparently unknown to the writer. Even more, he attempts interpretative exercises which obviously can have no factual foundation. Especially notorious here are his efforts at mind-reading. We have pages devoted to just what Sazonov was thinking on a certain crucial automobile ride or what was running through the mind of Berchtold at a critical moment. We are given this material as sober historical fact, and not as the product of one of Ludwig's irresponsible guessing-exercises.

His conclusions as to relative War guilt, it must be confessed, are singularly sane for an estimate made in 1921. He says: "Vienna and Petersburg stand first; Berlin and Paris, their seconds, follow them, though at different intervals; London comes a long way after."

But any such estimate offered in 1929 is simply preposterous. Austria can only be placed first when one ignores all the damaging revelations against Serbia since 1921, and this is just what Ludwig does. He has also failed to make use of the full British Documents, in spite of the fact that he mentions them by name, and he appears to have overlooked Lord Morley's memorandum on his resignation. Such delinquency alone can explain his placing England at the end of the list or his remarkably generous estimate of Lord Grey.

On the whole, the book is so much more sane than the War-time mythology that it may do much good when spread among the masses. It is incomparably the most interesting work which has been written on the question of War responsibility, and the net effect of its being read by a hundred thousand who would not consult any other book on the subject is likely to be highly beneficial. The only danger is that some people who know better may refer to the work as solemn and reliable history which may be safely quoted by verse and line on this much debated subject.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

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A Preface to Culture

Man and His World, by Sixty Authors, edited by Baker Brownell. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. Twelve small volumes. 2,038 pages. $1.75 per volume; $19.25 the set.

IN SUCH an age as ours it is no doubt inevitable that the standards of culture should be undergoing considerable change. I am not thinking of the War. The substantial changes in civilization are not brought to pass by specific disorders, however acute; though the disorder may reveal, register and emphasize the change. For several centuries our civilization has been going scientific, industrial and "middle-class," and the change in our conception of what it means to be cultured—a change which is largely responsible not only for the prevailing educational "unrest," but also for the amazing eagerness with which the general public bolts down all sorts of intellectual and quasi-intellectual pabulum, oral and printed—is an effect of those larger, longer, obscurer processes. It is the change which moved Mr. Wells to describe Gladstone, in his "Outline of History," as an "ignorant" man, and to retort to Mr. Barker's astonished footnote recalling Gladstone's Oxford "firsts" with the query how a man could be called anything but ignorant who was completely innocent of psychology, anthropology, geology and so forth. Mr. Gladstone's was the culture of a Chinese mandarin: verbatim familiarity with the classics.

Grammar culture, prosody culture, has gone the way of the world. It was essentially medieval. Familiarity with ancient sages is after all a secular form of familiarity with ancient saints, and has much more in common with the hereditary lore of shamans and the Levites than with the equipment, not merely of a Loeb or a Michelson, but even of a contemporary man of the world. It would be too optimistic, of course, to say that all that has gone. Gentility is still the refuge of the impotent. But Chinese classic-quoting has ceased to be the sole badge of superiority, and incarceration in the past has ceased to be the single object of education. The hypothetical past disclosed by science is, to be sure, very much vaster and, if I may say so, "paster," than the legendary past of saint and sage; but it is not an object of worship. It is not precious because past. Its meaning is focused on the present, and even on the unfolding of the future. Indeed, one might almost say that the significance of the modern cultural revolution lies in the fact that we have discovered the future.

How extensive this revolution is could hardly be portrayed more vividly than by a comparison of a college catalogue of fifty years ago with the bulletins of universities today. The discrepancy is considerable. But great as it is, it is still incomplete. Universities, like courts and churches and other established institutions, are subject to cultural lag. The changes registered in the modern curriculum have taken place, many of them, almost surreptitiously; a few additions here, a little tinkering there, a gradual shift of emphasis and revision of objective, but seldom a clean sweep or a start from scratch. University people themselves are apt to be distinctly impatient with the slow work of evolution, and their impatience has been showing itself most conspicuously in recent years in the form of prefaces: orientation courses, introductions to modern culture, to "contemporary civilization," to "the nature of the world and of man," as two great American universities phrase it. These introductions are very much more radical and modern than the curriculum as a whole, which is a cumbersome machine whose movements are impeded by the friction of all sorts of vested interests. The machine as a whole is a "rebuilt." Only in such an introduction to the universe can we see what a wholly new curriculum might be.

Mr. Brownell's series is such a preface to modern culture. What a preface it is! I don't mean to exclaim over its size, or its peculiar form, or the overbearing distinction of its sixty celebrated authors. As a matter of fact, by no means all of the authors are as celebrated as Mr. Darrow and Mr. Russell; and as Mr. Russell proves, an essay is not necessarily distinguished because its author is celebrated. The volumes are very handy. They slip into the coat pocket quite easily, which is a blessing in our life of constant movement. But the symbolic woodcuts with which the essays are headed and the jackets decorated are mostly nonsense, and not very decorative nonsense; and I, frankly, wince at the "dedicated to Aristocles, called Plato, of Athens" sort of thing. Taken as one book, the sixty essays make a rather bulky preface. But civilization is rather extensive, and can hardly even be introduced except at some length, and then by no means completely. He who reads this work is not going to know everything, nor even know about everything. Nevertheless, any college senior who thoroughly absorbed these lectures would be in a fair way to beginning an education of which even Mr. Wells would certainly approve.

The reason is that these essays truly introduce. They are a preface to a culture which is real, active, growing, and they invite the reader to a correspondingly active growth. This is partly a matter of tone. For the most part, the essays are neither factual nor doctrinaire, but truly reflective. For example, the series begins and ends in the philosophic vein; but the philosophy is no barren formula for certainty, nor a merely sentimental gesture toward the President of the Immortals. Sentiment there is: for example, the all-too-human sentiment of Omar, sympathetically interpreted by Mr. Darrow. Formulas there are: for example, the ineffability of subatomic physics and relativity. But such a formula is easily neglected, and such sentiments do not cramp the mind; and meanwhile the main theme, the philosophy of growth and disenchanted effort, the wholesomeness of a sturdy materialism, as Mr. T. V. Smith candidly calls it in the first volume, the significance of "the world in its everyday garb," as Mr. Otto describes it in the concluding volume, sounds the characteristically modern note.

Modern culture, no less than the golden age of saints and sages, is man's product and man's problem; and the most important as well as the most interesting of our intellectual problems is understanding it. This has proved the chief deficiency of the "introductions" hitherto. They have introduced students to the universe with considerable success by presenting a well coördinated scientific picture of the world. But they have faltered and even fallen down completely when they have attempted to go beyond science to the life which science has produced. It is the distinction of Mr. Brownell's preface not only that it does indeed invite the mind, but, also, that it invites us directly and extensively to a consideration of human culture. Thus the essays on mind and behavior are not only remarkable for their temper: they actually serve, as they should do, to guide the discourse toward the consummation of human behavior in civilization. Mr. Brownell was very wise to select as his pivot at this point an eminent neurologist, who is able to discuss the mechanisms of behavior with complete scientific candor, yet without the slightly inflamed

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partisanship that has infected the "behaviorists." Mr. Humphrey, the Canadian psychologist, was another fortunate selection. He is able to present both psychoanalysis and the "gestalt" procedure not as religion, but as techniques of investigation which may very plausibly be employed together, perhaps on a behavioristic basis, when the various partisans have tired of deriding each other. But the gist of it all is to convey to the reader that it is possible to consider human behavior calmly and without heat as just such an intellectual problem as the wind and the weather, and to observe in it just such mechanisms as, at the next degree of complexity, the anthropologist observes in action in primitive societies. No gap appears at this crucial point. We pass by inevitable stages from brain and nervous integration, behavior configurations and emotional complexes, to the primeval elements of social institutions and industrial techniques.

From this it is, of course, inevitable that we should go on to contemporary society and its problems, mechanical and spiritual; and it is in the treatment of what we may be pardoned (by behaviorists) for calling the spiritual side that Mr. Brownell's series reaches the peak of excellence. One entire volume is devoted to a discussion of five arts: drama, dance, music, painting and architecture, each by a critic competent to discuss the highly particularized problems of his art, in definitely modern terms, not as a precious possession of the past, but as a pressing problem of the present. Meanwhile, another volume is reserved for a consideration of the meaning of art and of human life as art illuminates it. To this task Mr. Brownell has been able to summon Robert Morss Lovett, Llewellyn Jones, Zona Gale and Edith Franklin Wyatt. I need say no more.

Inevitably these volumes are followed by one devoted to religion, which rounds off, if it does not quite complete, the program. Here, too, the tone of the discussion is excellent: temperate, enlightened, Modernistic. My own preference is for spelling "modern" with the lower case. The capital letter, I believe, somewhat belies the word; and I should have liked to find rather more anthropology, something of history faintly flavored with Gibbon, and something of psychology in the manner of James's "Varieties." Mr. Lowie and Mr. Barnes might have cleared the atmosphere considerably. Mr. Sapir does very well, of course; and I am aware that the theologians who follow him are well over to the left. But even among theologians I should have preferred Mr. Ames and Mr. Hayden.

This, however, is a matter of opinion. But there are two conspicuous gaps in the program of the series which can hardly be condoned so lightly. One relates to science, and the other to social changes and conflicts. I am not disposed to argue that science unfetters the mind or uplifts the spirit. I have my doubts whether there is any intellectual profit, beyond the needs of the specialists—which are specific and instrumental rather than cultural—in knowing the facts or even the theories of every single scientific discipline; and I have already praised this "preface" for having shaken off the scientific incubus by which other, presumably similar, undertakings have frequently been submerged. Nevertheless, science is incalculably important in the modern world. As I have already remarked, the cultural revolution which compels just this reorganization of our thinking, which Mr. Brownell is endeavoring, in the main with great success, to stimulate, is an effect of the impact of science on civilization. What have the repercussions of this impact been? No problem affecting modern culture is more important than this one. It is very well, indeed, to focus attention upon culture. But how can we understand our culture if we do not know what sort of culture it is, and how can we know what it is if we do not know how it emerged? Mr. Brownell is not unaware of this enigma. Several of his authors skirt it. But this is a region which cannot be circumnavigated. It requires exploration in detail, so that we may understand, as fully as we can, what is the relation between science and industry, on the one hand, with the industrial revolution in the offing and the incidence of the mechanical arts upon all our ways of living and thinking and feeling; and, on the other hand, the more direct relation of science to the intellectual revolution which has accompanied our industrial transformation. I am not pleading for more molecules. What we need is a clearer sense of the impact of molecules upon social institutions.

Concomitantly with that, we also need a much clearer picture of the impact of social institutions upon each other. Impacts do not occur without heat, nor revolutions without disorder; and that our own transformation is not going forward without considerable strain and friction is a proposition that hardly needs to be argued on the day when the papers are announcing the discovery of the man who threw the bomb for which Mooney and Billings are in jail. Neither, in my opinion, can there be any argument about the desirability of our facing the facts of social conflict and attempting to understand what are its causes and its actual and possible effects. I doubt whether Mr. Brownell or any of his authors would argue against enlightenment at this point. Nevertheless, people do argue for one reason and another that this, that or the other is not just the proper time and place for a consideration of such debatable issues. University students must be "protected" because they are young, innocent, impressionable; adult readers because they are old, set, immovable. I presume that considerations such as these must be responsible for the unoccupied area which Mr. Brownell's authors frequently touch but never boldly cross. Their principles of navigation may be "wise." It is well, of course, to explore the straits and sounds of feminism, race, geography and urban government. After all this excellent circumnavigation, one can only remark that a large and stormy sea remains uncrossed.

C. E. AYRES.

The Governor Writes Romance

Prisoners of the Forest, by Hugh Clifford. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD is so much more something else than he is mere novelist that, although he has written short stories of the very best, even in his latest romance he fumbles badly in his technique and seems amateurish, in spite of the long list of works accredited to him. "Malayan Monochromes," "Studies in Brown Humanity," "The Further Side of Silence"—it is in those collections of sketches and stories that he breaks most emphatically through language and enters literature. In them, his imagination, observation and experience rise beyond considerations of method, and the method rarely fails. "Prisoners of the Forest," however, romance though it be, carries conviction with it to anyone who has been in the East Indies longer than to count one hundred.

For, superficially, this is romance in the oldest manner of all; it has to do with love and adventure, and both

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the adventure and the love are true. The "do" is decidedly "derring," and the difference between Love and love is sufficiently clear to everybody but the hero. Neither the reader nor the characters themselves are strangled in streams of consciousness; hero and heroine suffer from simplexes rather than complexes; and there is not a single epigram from cover to cover.

Sir Hugh's local color is not really local color, but what has been part of his life for forty years. His "tropical darkness, full of scents," his Malady Street, Singapore, his hotel at Penang, are not notes from diaries of a world cruise. He does not belong to the Bubbling Well Road school of novelists. For them a reference to the Peak, to Wat Chang, to the Shwe Dagon pagoda, sufficiently indicates a place swarming with natives and invested with hellish mysteries. Nor does he derive from Conrad, whose beautifully conceived, dramatically presented Far East has no place in the real world, geographical evidence to the contrary being specious. He has more in common with Meadows Taylor—even with Mrs. Steel—than with Conrad or with Somerset Maugham. For his Further India is a reality—witness his big book about it, all maps and statistics and photographs—which admits mystery only on equal terms with matter-of-fact, and sends the Singapore Joes of Movieland back to the Hollywood that begot them.

His methods of exposition in narrative are sometimes archaic. For example, knowing that we know nothing about Acheen in Sumatra, "Give me something hard," says Sir Hugh. Neither does Maurice Curzon know anything, although he is familiar with every inch of the F. M. S. and "the Straits," and speaks Malay like a native. So Curzon finds a book at hand—in Chapter III—and reads how this and that has gone on in Acheen for several centuries. In the end, we, too, are fully informed, without reference to the Britannica or to a single map. That being that, no sooner said than done. The hero pauses only long enough to fall-in-love-at-first-sight with the wrong girl, who has green eyes, and we're all off to Sumatra to help the brave little Acheenese in their fight-to-a-finish against the boorish and rascally Dutch. We are blockade-runners, carrying guns and ammunition to Acheen. We "do our stuff" in a *payang,* "pushed by the tide and carried by the long sweeps. . . ." Epic is the word for it. We are once more brothers to Ulysses (Homer's), to Richard the Lion-hearted, to Quentin Durward, to Allan Quatermain.

But, having achieved safe arrival at Acheen, we are hit hard by Sir Hugh Clifford's fact. Maurice Curzon has brought with him, in that accursed *payang,* a box of books, from which he pulls out volumes of Shakespeare, Byron and Tennyson. It will never do. We know too well that no hero ever has read the "Idylls" in Acheen. But we remember our fact in time. Sir Hugh's fact—that at seventeen years of age, Anno Domini 1883, he himself went into half-savage places—Perak, Kelantan, Tringganu—bearing his Tennyson with him. And, after all, the books are only the gesture of a paragraph. It is Prescott, the "matter" of Pizarro in Peru, he is reading, when the curtain is hitched aside and an uncouth figure . . .

Our business, for the rest, is with battle, murder and sudden death, and we have lots of it before we have won through. How it ends, how the ladies, False Love and True, get themselves into the heart of the row, and how False Love, strongly if strangely moved in the presence of so much good, old-fashioned nobility, makes way for True—all that is discovered in the last chapters, where such discoveries, by Divine Right, belong.

"Prisoners of the Forest" is what is known as a "ripping good yarn" for golden boys and girls. But there is in it much of its author's fact; the history and character and doom of the people he has known so long, understands so well and likes so much. Nevertheless, this is not a book for Mr. Ford Madox Ford's adults, for whom "Tom Jones" is a juvenile. The intelligentsia will please pass by on the other side.

F. C. MacDonald.

Poetry in the Laboratory

Practical Criticism, by I. A. Richards. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 375 pages. $4.

MR. RICHARDS' new book is accurately named: the purely speculative parts are everywhere distinguished from the scientific investigation of which it is chiefly the record. "Practical Criticism" is thus a model of scientific research; the theoretical and the laboratory values are never confused, and they emerge equally clear. The two values are, however, of unequal standing: the author's views of what poetry is, of what it does to the reader and, in the end, for "civilization," are now, as they were in his valuable "Principles of Literary Criticism," open to serious debate. But, allowing for the inevitable bias of the investigator—and Mr. Richards allows no less than we—his experimental results are disquieting and instructive, and may possibly be of use in effecting at least a partial reform of poetic criticism.

Mr. Richards began his experiment by selecting from Anglo-American literature thirteen poems ranging from the seventeenth century to the present; he set them, four at a time, before a group of students at Cambridge. The anonymity and unfamiliarity of the poems kept the students from relying upon official reputations, and the students themselves may be fairly said to represent the "saving remnant" of educated taste. They were given several days to write their critiques of each poem, and these Mr. Richards arranged in groups exhibiting all the types of criticism that readers, and the best critics, too, are normally capable of. The extraordinary stupidity of Mr. Richards' representatives of the saving remnant is evidence, sufficiently alarming, of the low estate of poetry with the public. Whether it be lower now than it was, say, in 1600—Mr. Richards implies that it is—is another question. Yet, after a careful examination of the opinions collected by Mr. Richards, it is plain that about one person in a liberally estimated ten thousand pretending to literary cultivation is capable of the simple act of comprehensive reading, of finding out the meaning, not of a complex poem by Mallarmé, but of a forthright lyric by Edna St. Vincent Millay or Longfellow.

Mr. Richards proceeds upon a set of postulates. He divides the meaning of a poem (or any verbal expression) into four aspects: Sense, or the bare logical content, the "argument," which might be subject to fairly accurate paraphrase in prose; Feeling, or the value contributed by the poet to the "state of affairs" set forth in the argument; Tone, the attitude of the poet towards the reader—hostile, ingratiating, indifferent; and, finally, Intention, the most difficult aspect to describe because it may be in part identical with one or more of the other aspects. The intention of a poem like "The Song of the Shirt" is easy to detect, since it is independent of the other meanings: it is social reform. In Mr. Richards' terms, Milton's intention, consciously, was to justify the ways of God to man, and un-

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consciously to justify the ways of Lucifer to God; unconsciously also, in part, he satisfied his intention in the adjustment of his "tone" (style), in the arrangement of his argument, and in impressing his "feeling" upon the argument. This gives some hint of the enormous complexity of an epic poem; the complexity of a lyric is less in quantity, but not in essence, for all four meanings are there in one proportion or another. The delicacy of feeling and attention necessary to the intelligent reading of poetry is so great that Mr. Richards concludes, from his "protocols," that more than four poems in one week would be too many for an educated person thoroughly to understand.

The four meanings of poetry are, of course, provisional and practical—instruments of laboratory investigation. No one will believe (Mr. Richards does not) that a poem *is* these kinds of meaning, any more than one believes that the human organism is a machine because the lover has tender feelings at the sight of his absent lady's glove, or that the universe is a mechanism because a scientist pours some dark stuff out of one test-tube into another. For Mr. Richards is, strictly speaking, not telling us what poetry is, but only how we read it, and he has observed that we read it badly, and understand it badly, because invariably we slight one of its aspects of meaning, or more than one. He classifies the obstructions to full understanding that he found in his students, as follows: (1) the difficulty of getting at the plain logical sense, the general drift of the argument; (2) the incapacity to grasp rhythms *as they are,* when they cannot be counted on the fingers (cf. R. H. Stoddard's belief that the rhythm of "Ulalume" was "insane"); (3) mnemonic irrelevances—phrases already in the mind similar to phrases in the poem, sidetracking attention from the poem; (4) stock responses, which betray us into seeing in the poem only what our habitual responses let us see, whereby the poem is smothered: in the case of a poem made up of stock responses, we tend to like it because it demands only a passive attention, without the exercise of any intelligence on our part; (5) sentimentality; (6) inhibition; (7) doctrinal adhesions—such as kept the Southern people in 1860 from enjoying the "Bigelow Papers," and the Northern people from appreciating the sentiment of "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground"; (8) technical prejudices requiring meter and rhyme to be used in fixed ways; (9) general critical presuppositions as to the "nature" of poetry that almost never have a direct bearing upon the nature of particular poems. It should be observed here that Mr. Richards, with scientific caution, nowhere tells us what poetry is, nor that in the end we should not have critical presuppositions, inhibitions, doctrinal adhesions; he merely says that they should not obstruct our reading. They should follow it, as the act of evaluation from some selected point of view.

One might alter Mr. Richards' canons of obstruction; one would hardly improve them. They are the classified critical errors of his students, not logical abstractions. What emerges, first, from these errors, is the incapacity of the educated person to construe the plain grammar of a simple lyric. This being so, what right has the educated person to complain of the difficulty of Ezra Pound, who is difficult, supposedly, because he is "modern"? The educated person, we may be sure, has not mastered the now ancient problem of Chapman or Donne. Secondly, it is evident that good poetry, because of the stumbling-blocks to comprehension, has no advantage over bad poetry, with the reading public. Mr. Richards beautifully emphasizes what every expert reader of poetry already knows, but cannot know too well, that the reading of poetry requires a vigilance, a discipline, and a patience inferior only to the vigilance, discipline, and patience necessary to write it. For every poem is a cooperative effort between the poet and the reader. It is a sound principle of criticism, implicit in Mr. Richards' views, that the poem requiring nothing of the reader is hardly a poem, but a congeries of associations on a low level, indistinct from the level of diffuseness at which they passively exist in all minds: it is simply a number of unordered signals to which we respond with all the latent disorder of our passive selves.

These conclusions lead to a further problem—that of the popular belief in the extraordinary difficulty of modern poetry. This is a superstition to which some currency has been given in the United States through the invention, by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, of a school of "cerebralism," and in England, one supposes, through the pages of the *Times*. There is not an ounce of objective evidence to support it. Neither Mr. T. S. Eliot nor Mr. Hart Crane has ever written a poem remotely comparable in difficulty to "Lycidas." If we use, for convenience, Mr. Richards' four meanings, we shall see why. In "Lycidas" the four aspects are intermingled and fused in a complex pattern that will challenge indefinitely the act of final interpretation; while a typical poem by Mr. Eliot—"Gerontion," for example—requires, almost exclusively of "argument" and "intention," a concentration upon the play of "feeling" and "tone." His texture is far simpler, and it asks for less attention from the reader's whole mind. The lax reader of "Lycidas" may deceive himself that he grasps it all, since *with the help of notes* he is able to follow, if dimly, the classical and theological machinery—the least important ingredients of the poem. It would not be hard to argue that the simplicity of Mr. Eliot's poetry is typical of the poetry of our time: the intellectual argument, the abstract ideas characteristic of Caroline verse and an obvious intention, are lacking. The problem for the reader is thus reduced to a linear pattern of feeling and tone.

The difficulty of modern poetry is the difficulty of all poetry, in varying degrees. Mr. Richards contends that we are losing our insight into poetry as a whole, roughly for three reasons: the inroads upon the mind of debased scientific ideas (Behaviorism, Freudianism), which vitiate our sense of the use of metaphor; the mechanization of life and its disastrous effect upon provincial communities, in which men developed a subtle art of humane communication; and the standardization of opinion and character, due to the radio and rapid transportation, which is peculiarly hostile to the immense individualization of emotion in poetry. These arguments are not new. A suggestion, practical if not practicable, coming out of them is both new and interesting. At this point, the speculative portion of "Practical Criticism" begins.

Since, asks Mr. Richards, we have lost most of the traditional technique of order—family, community, religion—why not harness the energy of poetry as the last hope of civilized life? It is certainly desirable, as he has shown, to improve the technique of our reading. But in what sense would this be "ordering our minds"? (He bluntly asserts that poetry was one of the chief ways of ordering our minds in the past.) Are we sure that poetry ever ordered minds in the social sense, apart from the other technique of order with which it was formerly involved? In what sense did poetry order the minds of people in England around 1600? Is it certain that the poetry was not merely an instance of a larger order, or a realization of some prior ordering process, or if it was a part of that process, shall

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we assume that it can be taken out and used alone? Mr. Richards' hope that poetry may save us is a curiously roundabout appeal to old-fashioned estheticism. It is based upon a confusion of definition: he uses "order" in two senses without knowing it—as the agency to bring order about, and as order achieved and static. That the poetic order as an agency, in 1600, was not distinct from the social and moral order in the larger sense may be inferred, I believe, from the quality of Elizabethan criticism. Its stupidity and naïveté appear to be hardly less terrifying than the stupidity of Mr. Richards' students; no *specific* ordering capacity of poetry can be traced to the mind of an Elizabethan critic.

Not Puttenham, nor Daniel, nor Sidney, nor Webbe could have written so astute an analysis of poetry as Mr. Richards himself has written in this volume. And yet—with all respect for Mr. Richards—he is not a great critic. He is a master of laboratory technique, and his plea for the adoption of a method like his own, of learning to read poetry towards the ordering of our minds, is really a plea for the reading of poetry towards the ordering of laboratory technique. Mr. Richards has succumbed to the prevailing belief that you get education when you get ingenious educational methods. You measure a tree and get a quantity, but you lose the tree itself, in all its quality; so, beyond a reasonable limit, with poetry. For this reason, no method is likely to be devised that will release "a tenth part of the power of poetry . . . for the general benefit"; and it is a strange delusion to suppose that it was ever so "released." Mr. Richards' method, taken from its context in this book, would release only another method. However, the value of the book is great—for its practical advice in reading and for its exhibit of critical errors traced to their source; for these merits, it should be read by every critic and teacher.

ALLEN TATE.

Léonie Adams

High Falcon, by Léonie Adams. New York: The John Day Company. 60 pages. $2.50.

WHEN a first book of poems makes us realize that the poet has a world of his or her own, then we can declare the advent of a new poet. It does not matter that we can trace, in different poems, the influence of this or that elder poet: if we are taken into a distinctive world, we may know that a new singer has arrived.

Léonie Adams takes us palpably into a world of her own. "High Falcon" she calls her book, but the title that best describes her world is the one that is above the third poem in her collection. It is "Early Waking." All the poems in her book have the stillness, the faint lighting, the introspection and retrospection of an awakening at dawn when our labor is yet a dream and our dream has the burthen of labor. Neither the color nor the adventure of the day is there, and in a thin light one takes account of the heart's vicissitudes.

> I travel, not for a ghost's sake,
> One step from sleep, and not for one
> Left sleeping at my side I wake.
> Before bricks rosy with the dawn,
> The hooves will sound beyond the light:
> There are dark roads enough to go
> To last us through the end of night,
> And I will make my waking slow.

There is the entrancement of early morning in what I think is the most perfect poem in the collection—"The River in the Meadows." How clearly seen, and yet how like a river in a dream it is as rendered in these crystal verses:

> Full waters, O flowing silver,
> Pure, level with the clover,
> It will stain drowning a star,
> With the moon it will brim over.

And then the boat upon the river.

> They said it would carry no traveler,
> But the vessel would go down,
> If a heart were heavy-winged,
> Or the bosom it dwelt in, stone.

But perhaps "High Falcon" is lacking in a quality that would fill up the measure of our admiration for a fine book of poetry. That quality is fulness. The moods that the poems come out of are real and poignant, but again and again we wish they had been given a fuller body. Too often, the poet gives us the trees stripped bare. We want her sometimes to give us the tree with its leaves and fruits and a bird singing in the leaves.

It is the least of her qualities that Léonie Adams is an accomplished poet, that she has nothing to learn in verse-technique. She has learnt something from the later Yeats—a way of hurrying straight speech into verse, of straining the line by a syllable.

> It was my life, or so I said,
> And I did well, forsaking it,
> To go as quickly as the dead.
> For more than every traveler wise,
> They're off before their dawdling kin
> Can drop the pennies on their eyes.

But Miss Adams is no more a disciple of Yeats' than she is of Campion's, whose pure music is recalled by her "Lullaby."

These poems do not clamorously tell us an emotional history; they are in undertones; they are for those who prefer cold airs and bare lands to noontide brilliancy and crowds and colors. They are not poems that can be taken in by a quick perusal; the reading of them must be accompanied by a certain meditation. They are poems of tragic life.

> I know the land whereto you turn
> And know it for a land of death.

Beauty dwells in the waste, and who would track her there has to go lonely and perilous ways. And she is justified in her title: in the poems there is a sense of height and wings.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Sherman and Huneker

Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman, by Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 2 vols. 860 pages. $10.

Essays by James Huneker, selected with an introduction by H. L. Mencken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 479 pages. $3.50.

IN EVERY phase of his life Stuart Sherman was characteristically American. Born in Anita, Iowa, he passed a good part of his boyhood in California, and at the age of twelve, after eight months in an Arizona mining camp, he got lost while crossing the desert with only the wine-

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owner's wife and her baby, and came within an ace of dying before they finally reached water. Thereafter he returned to his family's original home in Vermont, went to high school, where he played on the football team, suddenly awoke to a passionate interest in books and devoted himself to learning Greek, helped earn his way through Williams by waiting on table at his mother's boarding house for students, wrote the class poem of 1903, and continued his education at the Harvard graduate school. After he had saturated himself in Elizabethan drama and had turned out one of the few doctoral dissertations on record which possessed a feeling for literature, and was writing essays and letters in a somewhat painfully elaborate Stevensonian manner, it might have seemed the natural thing for him to stay in New England. But it was no accident that caused him to spend his whole teaching career in the Middle West. He believed in the state university as an ideal: that was part of his democratic notion that American life should taste equally good at all points.

And this belief in democracy became in turn an integral part of his critical theory. It was not an expansive or unreflecting belief: he pointed out that even Mark Twain had in his later years begun "to emerge from the great romantic illusion about the average man, namely that liberty or equality or any kind of political recognition . . . or even economic independence can make him a happy or a glorious being." On the other hand, Sherman refused to accept the current bitter disillusionment with democracy; rather, he followed the sober argument of "Democratic Vistas" that we may as well embrace this faith because it is going to be tried whether we like it or not. He held staunchly as his central principle "the duty of bringing the whole body of the people to the fullest and fairest human life of which they are capable."

The role that he thought scholarship and letters should play in effecting our national re-integration was "to connect us with the great traditions and to inspire us with the confidence and power which result from such a connection." In this conception of the importance of tradition we strike the main fiber of his critical purpose. Unlike the uncurious academic critics who had paid little serious attention to America, and even more unlike the metropolitan journalists who stated that America had no civilized cultural atmosphere worth mentioning, Sherman believed that in our consciousness of such figures as Emerson, Whitman and Thoreau we possessed a heritage that deserved to be cherished. What he meant by this is revealed in his essays in "Americans," where he winds into his subjects from every angle, isolates the very essence of each, and indicates in what sense each is an unspent force with some vital energy to communicate to the modern spirit. What is gained by tradition, what constitutes the perpetual appeal of the masters,

> is a kind of innermost poise and serenity, tragic in Sophocles, heroic in Michelangelo, sceptical in Montaigne, idyllic in Sidney, ironic in Fielding. This enviable tranquility reigns only in a mind that, looking before and after, feels itself the representative of something outlasting time, some national ideal, some religious faith, some permanent human experience, some endless quest.

In his first book, "On Contemporary Literature" (1917), which was a direct product of the fine discipline of Irving Babbitt, Sherman was chiefly engaged in waging the battle of humanism against naturalism. It was not until after the War, with two books printed in 1923, "Americans" and "The Genius of America," that he found the angle which was to be more specially his own. By that time he had turned partly away from both his early masters, sensing, in spite of all his admiration, a grave defect in Mr. Babbitt's air of universal condemnation, and in the chilling aloofness of Mr. More, and declaring that they both kept too far from the scene of action. He had grown to consider the central position in American criticism to be occupied by W. C. Brownell, who stood in direct succession from Emerson and Matthew Arnold. He took great satisfaction in Brownell's dictum that "the business of intelligent criticism is to be in touch with everything"; and yet he felt that even Brownell was perhaps too purely intellectual, too cool.

About the time that he had reached this point in his reflections, Sherman resigned his professorship and came to New York. The significance of that move is to be read in his journals, for they reveal the heartening picture of a man of forty-three not content to stop where he is, but sensing that there is something he has missed, and eager to go farther and attain it. He realizes that he has been too wrapped up with the ethical contours of experience, that he has not grasped it in its full color and taste and odor. He no longer wishes to judge, but to understand. He notes: "Unfold, leaf by leaf. Become more and more intimate with life. . . . Study all things with docility, seeking their principle of beauty. Consider whether it is better to change and be living than to be unchanged and dead." In this spirit he turns his attention more fully than ever before to the contemporary scene, believing that the only service that the critic can do for those "who are moving, lies in calling attention to that part of their motion which seems to be forward." In this upwelling desire for life, his old standards are inevitably relaxed, and he runs the danger of blurring all the edges of his distinctions; and by giving a good deal of time to wholly unimportant books, he threatens to become, in his own words, an efficient "critical cheer leader," a kind of Mark Sullivan of literature, with no finely balanced scale of values, but a glowing enthusiasm for everything simply because it exists. As a result the essays of three years, "Critical Woodcuts" and "The Main Stream," have probably no lasting value; but they seem to point the way to a further period when Sherman's mind will again contract its energies and reap the benefits of this rich time of expansion. The importance of his awakened sympathy with the modern world was strongly emphasized by a critic who previously had not thought much of Sherman's work, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks:

> Sherman is the only critic in America today who writes of the past and the present with equal relish. Of the past he writes with relish and authority. Is he going to command the modern world with the same genial assurance? He has only to take one further step to make his position unique in American literature.

Before that step could be taken Sherman was dead, literally killing himself, it appears, by overwork. Consequently his achievement is as characteristically American as his life: it is uncertain, too diffuse, lacking in any final form. Mr. More frequently pointed out to Sherman that his thought was "indecisive": it was both sharp and confused at the same time, constantly aware of the need of final definitions, but never, except in some of the essays in "Americans," quite attaining them. The reason for his failure is, however, perhaps what gives most interest to his work. For he was not content to abide by too abstract standards: his

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constant movement was towards a greater awareness of what life actually is.

It is only in his last phase that there is a link between Sherman and Huneker. The two approached life from entirely different backgrounds. Before Sherman was born, Huneker was listening to music in Bayreuth, talking with French painters, and catching a glimpse of Flaubert in the streets of Paris. And while Sherman was lecturing to students on the Illinois prairies, Huneker was pouring out his mellowed impressions in a rich, intricate flow. He was our one real apostle of the nineties, doing in a sense for America what Anatole France and Lemaître did for the French, and Arthur Symons for England. He had adventured widely among masterpieces little known in this country before he wrote about them: Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Laforgue, Huysmans, Strindberg and Hauptmann are only a few of his discoveries. He believed that the critic's aim should be "to spill his own soul"; and so he wrote enthusiastically, rapturously of all his devotions, and especially of his first and last love, Chopin. His pages are crowded with information, with good gossip of all sorts, and he certainly creates a desire in his reader to go and experience the masterpiece for himself. Once that has been done, Huneker's function is at an end. His essays then appear rather like disjointed passages of conversation, still full of charm and gusto, playing gaily over the surfaces, but communicating very little of exactly what quality distinguishes one work from another, and defining almost nothing. They have served as important pioneers in pointing the way to a fuller culture; but to state that Sherman's work seems the more permanently valuable is not to start again the quarrel of ten years ago in which, although Sherman's manners remained better than Mr. Mencken's, he often fell into an uncomfortable schoolmasterly tone. For it is not that Sherman's way is right and Huneker's wrong; it is simply that Sherman had more elements of good criticism at his command. His appreciation was possibly not so sensitive as Huneker's, but in addition to the impressionist's animation he possessed other gifts: a firmer intellectual grasp, a more solid sense of structure, a deeper perception of the relation of art to life in all its phases. These were the qualities which, at his best, enabled him not simply to describe the effect made upon his spirit by a work of art, but to illuminate its essential nature.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN.

Design in Pueblo Pottery

The Pueblo Potter, A Study of Creative Imagination in Primitive Art, by Ruth L. Bunzel. New York: Columbia University Press. 134 pages. 38 plates. $10.

THIS beautifully printed and excellently written study of contemporary Pueblo art in pottery is the eighth volume of the "Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology," edited by Franz Boas. It is another product of the long-continued and fruitful interest which Dr. Boas has shown in primitive art and which in his own case has given us his marvelous study of the decorative motifs in the carvings, paintings and textiles of the West Coast tribes and his recently published general work on "Primitive Art." Of all the students who have helped to create the Boas tradition in the scientific study of primitive design, Miss Bunzel is easily the most brilliant. This tradition is notable for its thoroughgoing analysis of design elements, for its interest in the geographical distribution and the historical development of these elements and their combinations, for its insistence on the problems of artistic individuality within the framework of a carefully defined communal style, and for the sobriety with which the question of symbolism is handled. In this tradition there is no room for easy-going cultural evolutionism, still less for subjective symbol interpretation.

Many students of primitive art come to the data with no other equipment than some familiarity with the art of the Old World civilization and with a poignant desire to escape from the trammels of their knowledge into a larger air of spontaneous self-expression. Miss Bunzel studies her technique, her forms and her designs against the unobtrusive background of a superb mastery of the whole content of Pueblo culture, especially of the culture of Zuñi, and with knowledge of the older stages of Pueblo pottery which antedates the somewhat degenerated art of the present. But she is not strangled by her knowledge. Without making a romantic nuisance of herself, she is alert to catch every promise of the individual enrichment of tribal pattern, sensitive to every turn of style, to the formal excellences or shortcomings of all her materials; she is sympathetic to every phase of the potter's art, from the molding and firing of the clay to the planning of the layout of painted patterns on the finished surface of the vessel. Over and over again she distinguishes deftly between what is tribal substratum, borrowing from another Pueblo, and the happy invention of the individual mind. A single pot, thus seen, ceases to be a more or less pleasing specimen concerning which one may be enthusiastic or lukewarm; it becomes a stratified witness to the flux of the esthetic impulse.

Every student of the history and of the psychology of art will do well to possess himself of this volume. It is not a misleading album of picked designs; it is an honest record of stylistic variations within a given area of the primitive world. Acoma, Zuñi, Hopi and San Ildefonso forms and designs are discussed, contrasted and illustrated. Each style stands out with crystalline clarity, despite the general sameness of the physical and ceremonial background. Three large points of theoretic interest emerge. In the first place, it is astonishing how little the native potters can tell us in so many words of the fundamental forms and proportions of their vessels or of the obvious units of design into which the full patterns are analyzable by the student. It is with ornament as with language. The primitive "intuits" securely and recognizes easily what is pointed out to him, but has never consciously mastered. In the second place, these Pueblo potters, like all craftsmen in design, primitive or civilized, have the sense of individual freedom. The limitations of style are obvious only to the outsider; to the insider what is not individual choice or caprice is felt to proceed from necessity itself. Where we see a depressing sameness of ideas, the native distinguishes readily between the work of one potter and another, and finds the remoter styles of other Pueblos queer or interesting only in spots. But, lastly, here and there, an individual of unusual artistic endowment will fertilize the local tradition with some new grasp of the possibilities of form, some new blend of old motifs. Nampeyo, who made vital a dying art with her own imagination quickened by an older Hopi art that survives only in the intimations of broken shards, and Julian Martinez of San Ildefonso, who created both a new ware and a style of ornament adapted to its forms, are proof that primitive art is not all tribal precedent. It is largely that, but it also bears the impress of anonymous individualities.

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China

A Short History of Chinese Civilization, by Richard Wilhelm. Translated by Joan Joshua. New York: The Viking Press. 284 pages. $4.

Making a New China, by No Yong Park. Boston: The Stratford Company. 308 pages. $2.50.

China: The Land and the People, a Human Geography, by L. H. H. Dudley Buxton, with a Chapter on Climate by W. G. Kendrew. New York: Oxford University Press. 333 pages. $5.

Modern Chinese Civilization, by Dr. A. F. Legendre. Translated by Elsie Martin Jones. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.. 295 pages. $2.75.

IF WE must approach a country through books alone, it is better to read that country's literature than books about it. I realized the importance of that last year when I read "Dream of the Red Chamber," the first realistic Chinese novel to be done into English. Then, after some ten years of reading books about China, I felt for the first time that I had learned something of Chinese life. Of those books that give an actual sense of the human entities in China, there are far too few in English. What we have are the classical poetry and the curious, secular Chinese scriptures; but through them we can know as little of China, as, let us say, we could know of France if we had no translations of Balzac, Rabelais, Maupassant, Flaubert, etc.; if we had only the poets of the Court of Orleans and some prayer-books.

Of necessity, then, one turns to books about China, the histories and descriptions. A great many are published each year and serve a brief need. A few books, like Fenellosa's "History of Chinese and Japanese Art," Florence Ayscough's "A Chinese Mirror" and Backhouse and Bland's "Annals of the Court of Peking," survive (I am not speaking here of certain reference books which endure because as yet no effort has been made to replace them). Of the four books I am considering here, one is, I think, of lasting value; one is very important temporarily; one will be useful as a reference book; and one, M. Legendre's, is worthless and vicious.

Most important is Dr. Wilhelm's book. Principally because no other man is likely soon to undergo the same experiences and undertake the same serious studies, his book will probably long retain a unique and useful function in the library of books about China. It is not well written. It is too reverent toward the culture it describes to come close to it. But an enormous amount of erudition has been patiently acquired for its preparation. There has been a careful systematizing and setting in order. The outcome is a fulfilment of the title—a short history of Chinese civilization. I know of no presentation of the history, the arts, the literature and the philosophic movements of China more concise or more understanding. Only Mr. Waley's prefaces, which make one wish for a coördinated volume from him, can challenge it.

Dr. Wilhelm ends his volume with the Manchu dynasty, with whose debacle Mr. No Yong Park begins. Mr. Park is over-anxious to speak plain Americanese, even to the point of interfering with plain speaking. But he has many virtues to offset this conspicuous but unimportant failing. He knows West and East. His information is comprehensive and ready. And he brings a fine realism to his task. He is no mere apologist. He makes no attempt to prove that China has been persecuted because of her virtues. He gives a rapid, beautifully simple account of the violent career of the Chinese Republic, the social and industrial revolutions, and the fall into, and the difficult emergence out of, Western imperialism.

The most persuasive quality of Mr. Park's book is its candor. Reading it, I was reminded that the Chinese, as readers of their poetry must have noted, are the least Oriental of writers. (I am using the word in the suspicious sense, traditional in the West, of involution, subtlety and exaggeration.) Modern Chinese writers, discussing, for instance, the Opium and Arrow Wars are forthright and simple, or "Occidental," as we like to flatter ourselves, whereas it is the British historians whom I have found to be "Oriental" in their efforts to explain away these embarrassing wars.

The reference book I referred to above is Mr. Buxton's "China, a Human Geography." It is a competent study of the topography, the flora and fauna, the climate of China, and the way the ethnic mixture which has become Chinese Man has used them and adapted himself to them. It is a well-printed, well-made book, with sufficient maps and unusually good illustrations.

Of M. Legendre's book I have decided not to try to speak temperately. M. Legendre was in China twenty years, as a medical missionary. He taught something, I hope, to the students at his university, but he learned nothing. Revealing an extraordinarily narrow mind, and one which, esthetically, is illiterate, he makes sweeping judgments, not only of physical conditions, but of Chinese art, music, literature and philosophy. He is an amazing caricature of a scientist, who, by a process of naïve fetishism, uses his scientific degrees to canonize his prejudices. He makes statements which, if I can trust my British-edited *China Year Book*, grossly abuse the facts.

However, I must admit that M. Legendre does not mask his motives. He states quite plainly that he is interested in making a case for Western imperialism in China. He presents no worse picture of conditions there than does Mr. Park, who will agree that his country is sick and needs a cure. But M. Legendre is diagnosing the disease to fit a patent medicine, and not only to fit a patent medicine, but to fit the druggist. It becomes apparent very early that he has the latter's interest at heart far more than he patient's.

What is the patent medicine? The old one; the medicine that has disposed of all its patients satisfactorily and left the druggist with the inheritance—intervention. Who is to be the druggist? M. Legendre is afraid it must be a syndicate—America, England and France. Let there be no mistake about that. The druggist is even more important than the cure. For, sadly, M. Legendre sees the cure about to be administered by a rival concern—Russia, in a combination with Japan and Germany. He does not question their competence. He insists that his concern has an ethical priority to the case.

To justify intervention, M. Legendre says that the Chinese is physically and mentally an inferior human being; that the country has been happy and can be happy only under foreign rule. To support this, he invents a highly original history. The chief event of this new Chinese history by M. Legendre is the incoming of the Nordic (who has been called in before to explain the achievements of the ancient Egyptians, Hebrews, Mesopotamians, etc. No doubt we shall in time hear of the Nordic Mayas). It was the Nordics, then, among the Chinese, who built the Chinese Empire, wrote the Tang poems, painted the Sung pictures, etc.

I shall let M. Legendre conclude for himself:

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Then, with portentous serenity, M. Legendre writes his final chapter, "The Future of China: The Action Which the White Race Must Take in the Evolution of China."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Metaphysics and Art

Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 547 pages. $4.50.

Essays in Philosophy, edited by Thomas Vernor Smith and William Kelley Wright. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 337 pages. $3.50.

The Philosophic Way of Life, by T. V. Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 234 pages.

MR. ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD is the foremost metaphysician of our time; and his newest book, "Process and Reality," cannot in the very nature of things be criticized after a few poor weeks of apprehension and analysis.

In "Process and Reality" Mr. Whitehead has carried further the description of experience which he outlined in "Science and the Modern World" and in "Symbolism"; and, going back to the central tradition of speculative philosophy, he has built up a complete cosmology, in which the relationships of man and nature and "reality" and knowledge and experience are re-expressed and re-defined, in such a way as to leave no element unaccounted for. The tool of speculative philosophy, as Mr. Whitehead points out, is language; but, unfortunately, words are blunt instruments, and our naïve description of the world is inadequate partly because we have worked with false categories and with a defective vocabulary. It is an essential part of Mr. Whitehead's task, accordingly, to displace our existing categories and our naïve logic, the sediment of earlier systems of thought, with a philosophy contrived to reveal both the surface of experience, known to common sense, and the inner grain of things which science and intuition explore. Concrescence, prehension, nexus, symbolic reference: these are but a few of the new terms Mr. Whitehead has coined. To master his thought, one must master this complete and accurate vocabulary; and, by the same token, to get hold of the vocabulary one must follow the movement of thought which has, by its inner necessity, created it. Mr. Whitehead does his best to aid us in this effort, by showing wherever possible the kinship between his own ideas and those expressed in other terms by Descartes, Locke, Hume, Bergson, Dewey, James. Indeed, one of the great values of Mr. Whitehead's cosmology is that instead of starting *de novo* it attempts to integrate the fundamental members of every previous structure of philosophy, not eclectically and piecemeal, but as a new graft on a tree utilizes the trunk and tissue and circulatory system of the organism to which it is joined.

"Process and Reality" is perhaps the most difficult treatise in philosophy since Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; and while it will take a considerable time to master Mr. Whitehead's thought sufficiently to be able to appreciate its originality, and its final value, it is safe to say that these Gifford Lectures will stand out even in the distinguished company to which they belong. A subtle, a comprehensive, above all, a generous mind, great enough to be above the egoisms of the subjective system makers, Mr. Whitehead has brought to logic and metaphysics a sense of the richness of experience which it has been the habit of philosophers to deny in favor of some narrower order whose contemplation has brought them an immediate esthetic satisfaction. In "Science and the Modern World" one felt this richness by allusion and quotation; in "Process and Reality" it has been translated into propositions, categories, definitions. At present, the book is plainly beyond the general reader; but I venture to predict that it will finally reach him, or his immediate descendants, and that the world itself will become concretely the richer through Mr. Whitehead's speculative explorations.

It is a little unfair to pass from "Process and Reality" to "Essays in Philosophy." Some sly ironist must have given it the sub-title, "By Seventeen Doctors of Philosophy," for that describes the work with deadly accuracy. Such unity as these *disjecta membra* have is due to the fact that the authors have belonged to the philosophy department of Chicago and have come under the influence of Professors Tufts, Mead, Moore and Ames; but although there are able men in this group, their united contributions are not particularly impressive: one might bind together any six numbers of the Journal of Philosophy and achieve a work quite as coherent and pertinent. I turned with interest to the essays on esthetics; for a weakness in this department was traditional in the social and pragmatic thinking we associate with the Chicago school; but I cannot say that the work of these younger thinkers gives an assurance of development; rather the contrary. Miss Kate Gordon, in "On Art as Expression," comes to the conclusion that "the work of art is a creation of something rather than an expression of something. It *is* rather than it *means*." Professor John Bascom of Wisconsin had gone further than this in the eighteen-sixties; and the notion that an existence which implies human relationship or contact, as art does, can be isolated from meaning is a rather quaint one to conjure up in the present decade.

Turning to Mr. Van Meter Ames' "Essay on Aesthetic Experience," one comes upon a rather remarkable passage in which he annihilates the peculiar values of fine art by turning every instrument into an equal work of art. This is the mutilation of a truth: namely, that every experience has an esthetic aspect. Telephones, street-cars, automobiles may have genuine esthetic form, but the form does not derive from the fact that a "street-car represents the values involved in the problem of conveying the public around the city," and the mere act of suspense and personal distress that may arise when waiting for a car does not, as Mr. Ames would have it, make a sensitive observer hail the car as a thing of beauty when it finally appears—unless the car is a thing of beauty quite apart from the suspense or the distress. To describe art merely as the dexterous adaptation of means to ends, and to say that wherever this adaptation has been accomplished there is art, is to ignore the critical problem of art: why certain ends are more valuable than others, and why the embodiment of these ends in a work of art is one of the highest types of activity possible to a human being. The distinction between the fine arts and the useful arts may, as Mr. Ames says, be invidious; but this is not to say that it is not a real distinction, or a true one. A person who preferred to live with a cadaver pickled in alcohol rather than a statue by Michelangelo, or have a Ford car in his living-room in-

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stead of a sculpture by Brancusi might have an exquisite sense of the values to be found in anatomy or mechanics, and he might avoid all appearance of invidious concern for "higher" pleasures; but, esthetically speaking, he would be an idiot.

In their distrust of ends that are not instrumentally connected, the Chicago school has an inveterate tendency to abandon the search for relevant ends altogether, and to deify instruments. One finds the same error in Mr. T. V. Smith's otherwise penetrating and sympathetic exposition of Royce, James, Santayana and Dewey. His little book as a whole is to be recommended, for, like a wise guide, Mr. Smith raises questions and interests which will drive the reader to a more intimate acquaintance with the works that he presents; yet when he touches on esthetics, one finds him milling around in the same predicament as Mr. Ames, and uttering similar fallacies. It is high time that a few of these errors were punctured; for they are fast becoming stable items in the American credo, and are echoed every Sunday in the magazine section of the metropolitan dailies. When Mr. Smith says that "the notion that an automobile or a shoe or a city apartment cannot be as beautiful as a painting or a sonata . . . is a pathetic fraud" one wonders if he can be wholly unaware of the pathos of his apologetics. What does such a generalization come to? It is a denial of the hierarchy of values, because of a superstitious fear that such a hierarchy is an acknowledgment of odious social privileges, whereas, obviously a scale of values exists in relation to life itself, quite apart from what prevails in the social order. Pure art is more deeply exhilarating, more life-enhancing than industrial art, however fine and fit the latter may be. To deny this difference is not to release the industrial serf to freedom, but merely to put a verbal gloss on the degradations and deprivations of his life.

Mr. T. V. Smith does not distinguish between that which is useless for industrial production and that which is useless for life; and in protest against spurious leisure class values, he rejects or belittles real values as well. The fine arts do not, to be sure, bake any bread; but they have a prime function in relation to the human personality which every civilization but our industrial one has recognized and cherished. Our scientific and mechanical society, which has endowed us with a vast amount of potential leisure—now endured for the greater part under the painful rubric of "unemployment"—has incidentally deprived us of a philosophy and habit of life which would enable us to make good use of it; the savages of the Marquesas or the peons of Mexico are far better fitted to take advantage of our new economic state than our Chicago philosophers. This is a painful and humiliating fact. Nevertheless, it arises as an unfortunate by-product of what is essentially the finest contribution of the Chicago school; its interest in the side of human experience neglected by upper-class dillettantism, and its concern to humanize modern industry and distribute all values throughout the community. Why, however, should these philosophers fancy that there is a necessary connection between a contempt for the fine arts and a desire to improve the social order? Why, in their proper effort to achieve egalitarianism in the means of life, should they fail to perceive a vital difference in the *modes* of life? For what is social improvement if it lead not to a fresh creation, on our own level, of the joys and intensifications of life once common to the peasant cultures which industrialism undermined and devitalized, to its own undoing?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Mythical Art

An Hour with the Movies and the Talkies, by Gilbert Seldes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 156 pages. $1.

THE MOVIE was born in the laboratory and reared in the counting-house. The commercialists who have seen the film as merchandise have not been so wise as the esthetes who saw it as art. The American folk-film is rudimentary but not realized cinema, since simple recorded motion (action) is not organized motion (rhythm). The "movie" is not a hybrid, despite references to other arts. With eloquent compactness, our critic emeritus of the film-as-art, Gilbert Seldes, offers that mythical art to the layman in a critical pocket-history which contains more data and commentary than its brevity suggests. Indeed, no one else could have remembered to say so much so well. Necessarily, it is of the "movie," the American cinema, that Mr. Seldes writes, but he refers that indigenous entertainment to the general motion picture, and, by direct tangents, considers the absolute film and the Russian kino.

I believe, despite the book's relative completeness, that its emphasis (in terms of comparative space) might have been more effectively placed had the author even more tersely epitomized the film's physical basis and history to record more exactly the principles of the art. The film's history does not differ from the history of other expressions, in the parasitisms that have retarded it. The progress of every art is a victory against odds. Nor is the illusory basis of the "movie" a peculiarity of the "movie." This basis is not to be confounded with the final experience which determines the esthetic level of an expression.

The major fault of Seldes' book is that while the author is almost always exacting, he is frequently not exact. The singularity of the "movie" as an art is by now a platitude that needs qualification. That qualification is the necessity for the study of "sources." The "movie" has instructive antecedents and analogies in man's various graphic experiences. These can inform the film's structure, to which the textural also contributes as a detail in the visual-motor. The unawareness of other mediums is not only no guarantee of a unique motion picture art; it thwarts that art. This statement of "sources" is most important in a land whose cinema is literal and matter-of-fact in its construction. Not commercialism, but the American cinematographer's rudimentary and literal-mindedness, has hindered the evolution of the American film. That explains the fact, to which Mr. Seldes refers, that there has been no development beyond Griffith in composition. The study of "sources" is of first importance in the new compound cinema. Mr. Seldes indicates such a source in the radio play.

The author is to be commended for his non-acceptance of "the cult of the Russian film." I should go further than he in saying that the fault of that film, masterful though it is, lies in the non-relation of the method to the material. The method is a perfection and elaboration of the American physical cinema, the film of muscular impact. The material is inferential, social-minded, profound, and demands a method more reflective. I am pleased to say that this need for a more penetrating treatment has been recognized by Eisenstein and Pudowkin.

I regret that Mr. Seldes did not use the opportunity of the Russian film for a consideration of the psychically intensive motion picture, so admirably exemplified by "The Passion of Joan of Arc," to which he only casually refers.

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The close-up is an instrument of such intensiveness, not the close-up to whose banality and literalness Mr. Seldes rightly objects, but the bold sustained image, the *gros plan*. In itself the close-up is a rhythmic utility, despite the American's failure to use it as such.

The brevity of the volume limits the consideration of the "talkie," but within the limited space Mr. Seldes says much that is essential. He does not, however, speak of the stereoscopic film, except to say he has not seen one, and to object to its furthering of realism. It is more, however, than a device of realism. What are its potentialities as a unique cinematic art?

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

More Like a Two-Spot

Dido, Queen of Hearts, by Gertrude Atherton. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

MRS. Atherton has read the fourth book of the Aeneid (not "Aeniad," nor even "Aenead," please, Mr. Liveright), with the glib intelligence of a quick-minded schoolgirl. Like many schoolgirls, she is careless about proper names; "Teucerian," "Ilionus," and "Mnesitheus," for example, need correction. But her mistakes go deeper than those of the letter. Working with unfamiliar material, she is at a loss as to how to shape it. She does not understand Vergil very well, but she respects him, and in paying her humble tribute to the Bimillennium Vergilianum, she evidently does not want to act fresh. Not that she rules out humor entirely; item, her parody on the Song of Solomon—very droll it is, too, alongside Dr. Mackail's prose translations, which are also included in this work. But if she has consciously avoided burlesque in the manner of John Erskine, she has unconsciously permitted it in the manner of Hinds and Noble. Combining the worst features of each, her prose style here is a blend of the archaic and the arch. Nor is she more successful with characters, her people being cut out on the broad and simple lines of Lotta Pepp at the National Winter Garden. Thus Tadmelak appears as a noble young man with a heart of gold, Aeneas a good-looking He-Man, man with a heart of gold, Aeneas a good-looking He-Man, Iopas, a sort of a pansy, Iarbas, a big coon with inordinate the name implies—a doll with a flair for pretty clothes, a blonde cutie to fetch Mr. George Jean Nathan—et *praeterea nihil*. I cannot imagine who would enjoy this novel.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

The Soviet Union

The Soviet Union Looks Ahead: The Five-Year Plan for Economic Construction. New York: Horace Liveright. 275 pages. $2.50.

Soviet Rule in Russia, by Walter Russell Batsell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 857 pages. $6.50.

The Soviet Union and Peace, with an Introduction by Henri Barbusse. New York: International Publishers. 280 pages. $4.

In the Clutches of the Tcheka, by Boris Cederholm. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 349 pages. $4.

THE UNION of Socialist Soviet Republics is an experiment in economics—the economics of industrialism—and in materialism. In a very real sense it is no state at all, but a huge mechanism for efficient production

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and *efficient consumption,* limited in its development only by the geographical limits of vast Russia, and ambitious to embrace the entire earth. It aims, it is true, toward increasing the dignity and pleasure of human life; but never by what we understand as "morality," "faith," or even "liberty." Its reference is rather toward "science" and "efficiency"; and its program may be stated simply as an attempt to push industrial productivity to the utmost limit, and to create a direct relationship between it and consumption; so that the whole benefit of manufacture may be enjoyed by the whole population, or, rather, by the proletariat, "the productive masses," who alone are considered worthy of citizenship, but whose ranks will in time—it is hoped—include everyone. This is so true that the Russian Communist is taught an intense admiration for Germany and for the United States, obviously not for political reasons, but because to the Communist the essence of these countries is in the Krupp works or in the Ford plants or, on the side of distribution, in the chain stores, the mail-order houses and the department stores: Woolworth's, Montgomery Ward, Macy's.

The "Five-Year Plan for Economic Construction" ("The Soviet Union Looks Ahead") is an integral part of the general industrialism. Indeed, for the period that it covers, it may well be considered as the heart and mind of economic development. It is a means of converging the geographically widespread Russian resources, integrating them and coördinating them into a single source of public wealth. In a way, the document is comparable to the similar plans executed by any well-managed non-political *cartel:* in another way, it may be thought of as a *de facto* constitution, under which the Republics must operate for the next half decade. This, the second such plan since the formation of the U.S.S.R. in 1923, provides for the government expenditure for economic development of sixty-four and six-tenths billion rubles (about thirty-three billions of dollars) in the fields of agriculture, electrification, land and water transportation, building construction, education, public health and social insurance. (The last three items will absorb about a third of the whole sum and are considered as an integral part of the nation's industrialization.)

Their entire development must be accomplished, moreover, without the stimulus of individual gain and with a minimum of coöperation from foreign industrialism. This last is of the greatest importance. The whole basis of Communist success was originally predicated on an approximately simultaneous world-wide revolution, making possible geographical specialization and a free interflow of goods without regard to political boundaries. This revolution the Bolshevists confidently expected during the first years of their own; its failure to materialize has meant an isolation enforced both from within and from without, as well as the non-Marxian necessity of building up an internally self-supporting political area.

The success of the new plan is predicated from that of its predecessor. However, the situations are somewhat different; and this not alone because the sum to be expended is about three times as great. The problem was formerly the rehabilitation of pre-War, Tsaristic industries. Now it is the construction of new ones, some of which must be introduced into Russia for the first time. It means also the tremendously difficult rationalization of agriculture: the absorption of small peasant holdings into large-scale government and coöperative ventures—without antagonizing the peasant—merely by a favored distribution of improved machinery, seeds and technical assistance. The new plan must, in five years, completely

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transform the Russian from a rural-agricultural to an urban-industrial people who must be housed and trained.

In "Soviet Rule in Russia," Mr. Batsell exhibits a careful and accurate scholarship, unfortunately combined with a lack of understanding of the aims of Communism and the Soviet government. His book is in large part critical of the centralization which took place in Russia after the reformation of the war-divided parts into the U.S.S.R., and of the curtailment of religious and non-proletarian civil rights; both of which he feels to be in cynical violation of the promises and programs offered by Communist leaders in the early stages of the revolution. The re-unification of Russia about the R.S.F.S.R. (comparable to the re-unification of the once American colonies about the Constitution after the breakdown of the Articles of Confederation) Mr. Batsell sees as a type of imperialism. But this view is based again on lack of consideration for the essentially economic features of the experiment. Neither Marxism nor Leninism predicates geographical representation; the profound struggle is not of area against area, but of class against class. The other, Communist philosophy considers misleading and trivial. Nor were the promises made in the early stages of the revolution false to this concept. Bolshevist leaders could certainly not clear themselves of the charge of expediency—even if they so desired. The documents are full of promises of "cultural autonomy"—sufficiently vague and undefinable. But in all cases they are addressed directly and exclusively to the proletariat, "the laboring masses." This is strangely true even of the appeals made to the Russian Mohammedan religionists.

The papers included in "The Soviet Union and Peace" are among the most informative, simple and important literature available on post-revolutionary Russian history. The most valuable of them for the present purpose are those having to do with the peace of Brest-Litovsk and the Allied-American occupation of Soviet territory during 1917-1919, and the Litvinov proposal for complete disarmament in 1927. The first are, in a way, calls for peace—but only for a revolutionary peace. They summon the world revolution which Marxian logic and the Bolshevists' own passion told them was imminent, without which the survival of their own venture was believed impossible. And they are addressed through existing governments to the world proletariat. The Litvinov proposal is a more sophisticated document. Yet it too declares that the "Soviet government adheres to the opinion . . . that under the capitalist system no grounds exist for . . . the removal of the causes which give rise to armed conflicts." To the Communist, war is inseparable from imperialism; imperialism, from vast private profit. When the complete disarmament proposal was made, then, it was certainly offered without hope; but not, I think, with cynicism. Insofar as it was propaganda, it was not for conflict, but for the only type of effort which a Communist could possibly believe would lead to peace.

"In the Clutches of the Tcheka" is a book which finds it possible to offer as serious commentaries on present-day Russia—all equally important—these observations: That since the revolution "there is not a single intelligent face to be seen upon the streets of Moscow." That, in Russia "child criminals fall upon any decently dressed woman and exhort money from her by threatening to . . . bite her and infect her with venereal disease." That Communist leaders are badly dressed, and, finally, that it is not possible for a bourgeois to make a decent living in Communist Russia.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

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Look Homeward, Angel

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

UNHERALDED, "Look Homeward, Angel" will hardly remain unsung. Stamped with the approval of no book-of-the-moment club, lacking even the customary blurb-writer's accolade, it is an extraordinarily fine novel, not to be mentioned in the same breath with all the forgotten blue-ribbon winners of the past few years. In it Mr. Wolfe tells the story of the Gant family of Altamont, North Carolina. Oliver Gant, a dead wife behind him, comes to Altamont and marries Eliza Pentland, his opposite in every way. Gant is a dreamer, unconventional, poetic, but at the same time full of a very earthy vigor, to put it mildly; Eliza is dull, insensitive, strong, above all, practical. Imbued with a Forsyte-like mania for money and property, she knows what every lot in town is worth, foresees land developments, saves every penny to be used in buying up real estate, turns her own home into a boarding house, forcing her family into smaller and smaller quarters to make room for the increasing number of lodgers.

Thus she saves her husband and children (there are seven) from the poverty which Gant's shiftlessness would otherwise have reduced them to, but at the same time deadens their spiritual and intellectual development. Eugene is the exception; his unusual mind, which even his mother cannot disregard, wins him the privilege of continuing his education at an age when his brothers and sisters are struggling to earn a living. As the book continues, the supplants his father as central character, and "Look Homeward, Angel" becomes less a family chronicle revolving about the rebellious Gant and more a character study of his equally rebellious but more complex son. Mr. Wolfe takes Eugene from birth through early manhood; in passages that range from what is generally known as "rare lyric beauty" to the most downright realism imaginable, he shows him in every conceivable mood.

"Look Homeward, Angel" has been criticized for its style and its lack of structural form. Whenever Mr. Wolfe feels like it, which is fairly often, he launches into episodes, descriptions and proclamations of his own that could be cut out without impairing the architectural unity of his book. Such deletions, however, would rob it of its gusto, and anyone in favor of making them is the sort of person who thinks that "Moby Dick" would be a good book if it weren't for Mr. Melville's digressions. Totally unnecessary characters and events inspire magnificent passages in "Look Homeward, Angel." Mr. Wolfe lavishes his enthusiasm upon people who enter on one page and make their final exit on the next. Of a salesman he writes: "Enormous humor flowed from him like a crude light. Men who had never known him seethed with strange internal laughter when they saw him, and roared helplessly when he began to speak. Yet, his physical beauty was astonishing. His head was like that of a wild angel—coils and whorls of living golden hair flashed from his head, his features were regular, generous, and masculine, illuminated by the strange inner smile of idiot ecstasy."

Mr. Wolfe has a quality that is rare enough in itself and is practically never found (as it is here) combined with literary ability, taste, and a scholarly background: relish. He has, in addition, an ironic wit and a sincerity that should prevent his emotional passages from seeming affected to even the most violent prose-poetry haters.

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The Literary Market

THE following report on conditions in the literary and artistic fields has been submitted, at The New Republic's request, by a well-known firm of Wall Street brokers, and we are publishing it for the benefit of our readers.

Dear Sirs:

In response to your letter requesting an appraisal of current values in artistic and literary markets, we beg to advise as follows:

In spite of much irregularity and deflation and even collapse in the artistic and literary markets, these remain highly selective, full of good things for those who know how to choose. Of course, many of the weaker issues will be eliminated in time, but the good things will always have a value and will eventually find their levels.

A strong market is developing in domestic issues. Foreign securities, especially English, are no longer in great demand. We believe that the best American stocks are still figuring below their values, to say nothing of such junior issues as American painting, American photography and American music.

Meanwhile, it is our opinion that neo-classic securities are selling considerably above their proper levels. Even in the cases of Picasso, Stravinsky and T. S. Eliot, the yields of these securities have never been very high, and they are very moderate in comparison to those of their best romantic competitors. Investors are, therefore, advised to realize as promptly as possible, and to maintain themselves in a liquid position preparatory to repurchasing neo-classic stocks nearer their actual values.

Recent pool activities in Negro literature have led to a gross inflation of this type of stock.

Progressive management has been conspicuously absent in the affairs of Humanism, Ltd. The corporation has failed to keep abreast of recent technical developments, and has permitted a number of new inventions to be snapped up by its competitors. It is even rumored that its holdings in the now discredited Revealed Religion, Inc., were larger than originally acknowledged; and its much-vaunted Automatic Inner Check has never made good. Once considered as gilt edged, corporation's values must now be thought of as highly speculative.

In spite of the impression created by its own advertising methods, the condition of the Stieglitz Holding Corporation is satisfactory. Company has an excellent sales management and a strong financial position. Subsidiaries such as Marin Marines and O'Keeffe Colors report record production years.

Waldo Frank has recently entered the South American field and is said to have merged with a number of local concerns. It is rumored that the company intends floating several large issues in the near future which should be met with considerable interest.

While Theodore Dreiser is unusually heavy, Hart Crane has been soaring almost out of sight.

Continued aridity in the region of Gorham B. Munson has led to fears of crop failures.

The market position of such issues as Aldous Huxley and Thornton Wilder having been considerably overextended, a crash may be expected in the near future.

Although there is some question of the actual value of the plant and properties of E. E. Cummings, management has shown itself so adroit that its securities now constitute an attractive speculative commitment.

The William Lyons Phelps Acceptance Trust has long

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been the sponsor of a number of doubtful securities which it has overcapitalized and unloaded on a gullible public. Despite the cheerful reports which it continues to disseminate, it is rumored that the state of the Trust itself is none too satisfactory a one.

Women Poets and its sister concerns are the type of mergers which, while giving no rights to shareholders, declare generous dividends at regular intervals.

Due to the large amount of flotation which has taken place in H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis, these old favorites may have an uncertain market for some time to come. Meanwhile, an extensive credit has been arranged by Chas. Scribner's Sons for Ernest Hemingway and Company.

The Orage Association is offering a block of Mahabarata Gold Mine 6 percent Bonds at prices to yield from .005 to .003 percent. These bonds, which are issued for school purposes, are legal investments for widowers and orphans in New York and Fontainebleau.

Warren, Tate and Company have collected a considerable quantity of depreciated Confederate currency, in the expectation that the United States is about to redeem it at face value.

Carl Sandburg common and William Carlos Williams preferred must now be classed as inactive issues. During a number of years neither stock has changed its level, or increased its moderate yield. Nevertheless, both continue to constitute excellent conservative commitments.

Radical management has now been put in charge of John Dos Passos. This company has shown rapid and sound development in the past. An attitude of watchful waiting is, therefore, recommended to prospective investors.

Very truly yours,
PAUL, AHR AND CO.

Contributors

JOHN DOS PASSOS, the well known novelist, is the author of "Three Soldiers," "Manhattan Transfer," etc.

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